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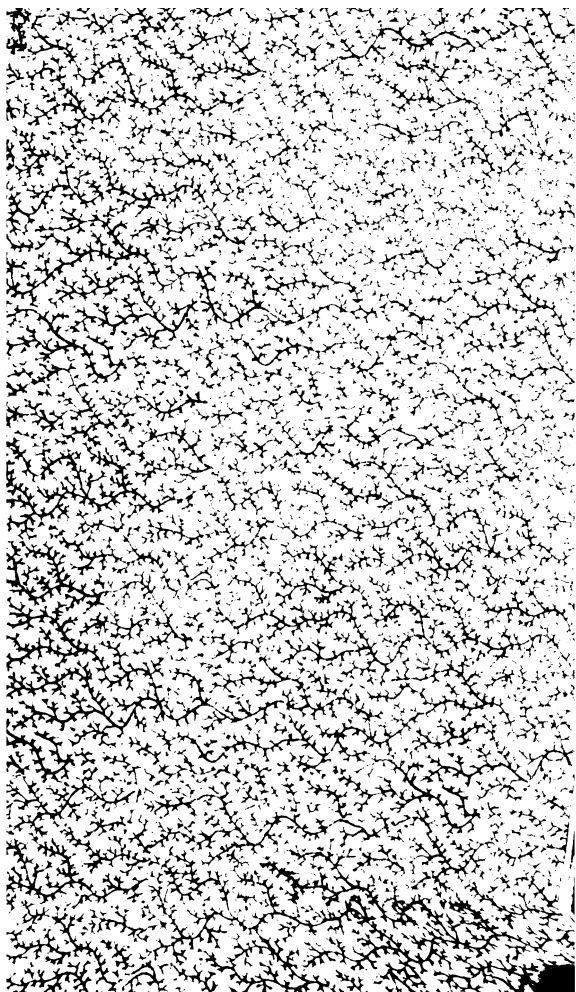
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THE
HERO AD;

IN A
SERIES

OF

Original Satires,

BY

PROTEUS THE YOUNGER,

CENSOR IN ORDINARY TO NEPTUNE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By T. Plummer, Seething-Lane,

AND SOLD BY T. HUGHES, LUDGATE-HILL.

1810.

MD

A POET REBUKING THE CRITICS.



*Then haste, sweet muse, and bid your forest rangers
Bring skins of porcupines and male hedge-hogs,
We will be civil to them, being strangers,
And manufacture night-caps for their logs.*

WYNN
WYNN
WYNN

NCIA

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LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

HE was born at Walsingham, in the County of Norfolk, A. D. 1761. His parents were honest industrious people; but his father dying in 1762, our hero's troubles began in the cradle; where (as a great poet once observed) "they grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." Being destined to get bread by the sweat of his brow, at ten years old he quitted home, and went to live at a grange named Egmore, that was situated about two miles from his native place. This grange, with its hamlets, constituted a small village; and it was the

happy scenes he saw there which gave birth to his poem of that name.*

From this grange he removed to a village named Wighton (three miles distant from Wells, a sea-port in Norfolk) and lived with one who was both a farmer and a wheelwright. Here he used to plough in the field from sun-rising until sun-setting; or assist his master in making and mending of ploughs; the practice of which rendered him so expert that he could hit a nail on the head with tolerable certainty at the end of three years. As this farmer kept no other male servant but our hero, there was seldom any work done that he did not assist in. At this place he was swine-herd, cow-herd, sheep-herd, and goat-herd; here too he learned the rudiments of tilling and manuring the land, with other voca-

* See Poems, Moral, Loyal, and Entertaining.

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

3

tions of a country life. Being hale, brisk, and merry, he began to consider himself of some consequence; and happening to meet with the history of Robinson Crusoe, it so fired him with a spirit for adventure, that he threw aside the servile labours of agricultural pursuits, and launched into the world to seek for fame and fortune.

The place he chose to begin his career in was Lynn-Regis, a sea-port of some note; and the first station he filled there was that of an apprentice in a merchant vessel, to learn the noble art of seamanship, and qualify himself for his Majesty's service. About this time he began to practice the pen; for daily observation evinced to him clearly, that nothing but learning would ever lift him above hard labour; and that idea first stimulated him to essay the beauties of penmanship.

Well can I remember the time when he purchased his first copy, and practiced himself to write it; it

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

was taken from the moral of the Sluggard and his Vineyard; and by transcribing it often (like all first impressions) it struck deep, and stamped a line of conduct that governed him ever after. At the age of eighteen, and in the first year of his apprenticeship, he was impressed, and put on board the Canada of 74 guns, in the capacity of an ordinary seaman. In this ship he learned to value the necessities of life; the precepts taught in that marine school, and the privations felt there, gave him more practical information than any school on shore could have furnished, though regulated by discipline and rigid economy,

After cruising some time in the channel fleet he fell into bad health, and was discharged from the service in a low condition, being ragged, emaciated, and penniless; but his ticket of servitude, entitling him to two pounds and four shillings from the pay-office at Portsmouth, he got shelter for that night in a miserable garret, whose tapestry (though executed

the first weavers*) hung in wild disorder about it. The bed, (if bed it could be called,) was a filthy one, filled with straw, and covered with remnants of party-coloured blankets; yet this very bed (to the eternal honour of humility) had as many lodgers at one time, as any bed ever had before it; not excepting that on which Lazarus died.

I have been somewhat circumstantial in detailing this, that my young readers may see what storms of adversity drive those about the world who are destitute of friends, that such as have friends may learn, in time, to form a just estimation of their value. When he got on shore, he soon recovered again; and his discharge serving as a protection from the impress, he once more ventured forth on new adventures, to provide the necessaries of life for himself, and to the utmost of his power relieve the exigencies of an aged man.

* Spiders.

As the principle he set out upon was a good one, heaven's all directing will, that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," sent a good angel to watch over him, so that he seldom wanted the comforts of life after, which is a circumstance so very uncommon amongst those who style themselves poets, that it may be looked upon as something extraordinary.

At that time he knew nothing of the mathematics, or other scientific studies; some little smatterings of poesy he had picked up in different places, and at different times; the natural parts he had learned while tending herds and flocks upon the mountains; the pastoral parts from scenes which lay at the feet of mountains; the lyrical parts from Robin Hood's songs, which he sung on the mountains; the allegorical parts were learned from *Æsop's Fables*, which he read on the mountains; the scriptural parts from John Bunyan, his guide across the mountains; and the agricultural parts he learned while passing to and
the mountains.

But since that time my hero has drank deep at the Pierian spring, and enriched his numbers with gems of a superior water, variously interspersed through his works; some of which are put in for ornament, and others for use; the geometrical parts he learned of Euclid; the trigonometrical parts from Emerson; the mathematicall parts from Ferguson; the astronomical parts from Keel; the algebraical parts from Simpson; the fluxional parts from Newton; the dramatic parts from Shakespeare; the novel parts from Cervantes; and the satirical parts from Rabelais. It was by this regular gradation, that he arose to the degree of a poet, for never having a preceptor to instruct him, he was forced to dig his materials from nature's hardest quarries, and polish them by hard labour. But however requisite those steps may have been in assisting him to mount up Parnassus, I here declare unto all men, that the following pieces are his own; and that they are the newest, the best, and the fittest numbers extant, for the use of *young ladies*, whether they are worked into

samplers, or fire screens, or table rugs, or chair bottoms, or carpets, or counterpanes.

These numbers having good keeping in them, will always look fresh, and wear well, whether you lay on them, or sit on them—or tread on them, seeing they are original, genuine, unadulterated, and unsophisticated numbers, sent to him in sealed boxes, as gifts from the muses. But it was not his poetry or his prose that he valued himself most upon, being well aware that poet's are of little use in a community unless it be to paper-makers, printers, booksellers, and ballad-singers; all of whom get their bread by retailing of paper; whereas it was quite different with my hero, who not only filled the high office of a poet, but also that distinguished situation of a shipmaster, and had the honour of carrying coals to several cities, boroughs, and towns, for the use of cook-maids, blacksmiths, founders, potters, glass-blowers, refiners, and lime burners. Hence it *may be inferred*, that a shipmaster is of more service

in a state than a poet, seeing he assists all descriptions of people, and is the grand carrier of every thing upon the earth, in the earth, or in the waters under the earth. It is by industry and the marine arts that we are supplied with wines, oils, fruits, teas, coffees, sugars, spirits, spices, gums, and medicines. If any country abounds with productions that other countries are deficient of, it is commerce that equalizes them, whether it be grain, wood, plants, birds, beasts, feathers, skins, hair, or wool. To these we may add all sorts of metals, all sorts of minerals, and all sorts of fossils, with long branches of various corals, and sundry kinds of precious stones. This is sufficient to prove that a shipmaster has plenty to do, both on land and on water, at home and abroad, by day and by night, seeing he has to study the manners, customs, arts, and tempers of all people; to serve all people, and please all people. If such be the situation, occupation, or destination, of every shipmaster, what must his labours be? who, in addition to all this, explores shores, precipices, rocks,

caverns, dens, forests, woods, fields, meadows, valleys, plains, roads, grottos, bowers, gardens, cottages, granges, villages, towns, cities, fortifications, armies, and fleets; and when he has collected every thing natural, every thing artful, and every thing useful, to sit down in his poetical chair, and work off a set of terrene and marine samplers for young ladies to imitate.

These are the Herculean tasks my hero has performed; and from—"a flaxen-headed cowboy, as simple as might be," has gone through all the degrees necessary for a poetical planet to shine in; ascending from the nadir of common rhyming, passing through the node of blank verse, and rising to the zenith of dramatic splendour, without being once visibly eclipsed.*

* Should some of my readers happen to be astronomers, they will wonder how any poetical planet

For the proof of which, read his works.

EDITOR.

could pass through the node of a poetical ecliptic, without being eclipsed visibly ; but their wonder will cease on being told that the literary luminaries were at that time below the horizon, in conjunction with the critics in Scorpio, who were preparing punishments for Coleridge, Wordsworth, Bloomfield, Rosa-Matilda, and other offenders.



DEDICATION
TO THE
REVIEWERS.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING spent much time amongst some heroes of small note, whose names never would have appeared on the pages of glory, had not my muse enrolled them there; I have, in defiance of all the critics, handed their manners down to posterity, as patterns for rising generations to imitate. And that nothing may remain imperfect in so excellent a work, my executors intend to get their names engraved, lest many vain fools, who have no pretensions to honourable stations, should imagine themselves the *identical heroes which my muse has selected to fill*

certain niches in the temple of fame. The design of this work, is an imitation, of a fragment written by Tiresias, and is so contrived, that it will suit all places, or situations, and read as well in European dwellings as it formerly read in those of the Egyptians; for whose instruction the fragment appears to have been written.

My reason for dedicating this work to your honours, is purely on account of your generosity; and being informed by my cousin Peter* that you always rewarded merit, I was stimulated to call upon your worships for a little assistance, on this most pressing and important occasion. Now the conditions of my petition are such, that if you will be pleased to accept this draft on public opinion, and honor it, when due, I will give you credit for a

* Pindar.

f folio of sermons and sacred lectures; a quarto of
r hymns and spiritual songs; an octavo of peni-
l tentiary confessions; a duodecimo of graces before
i meat; and a decicissimo of epitaphs, which shall
e make all your names immortal.—SELAH.*

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* A vehement affirmative.

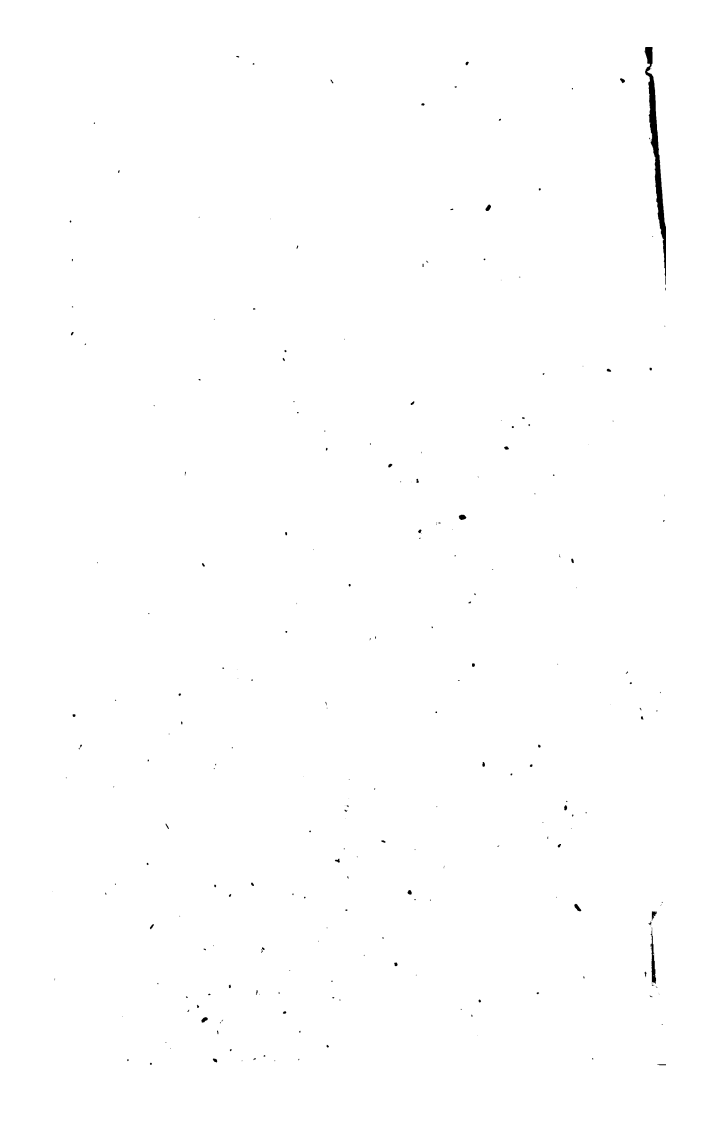


INTRODUCTION.

SOME time ago, when men's blood ran hot, I happened to sit in the company of heroes, who talked of nothing but riches, promotions, courage, rewards, fame, merit, &c. &c., with the modes of attaining them, viz. fire, sword, and famine. At length a warm dispute arose between a sailor and some young recruits, about the advantages of peace in general. The sailor insisted that his position was right with regard to peace; he told them that peace was a sort of wet-nurse to commerce, and suckled it as a mother suckles her infant; while the recruits contended that peace was nothing better than a cuckold-maker, a begetter of bastards, a glutton, and a drunkard—but these men were heroes, and heroes may say any thing. *Many of them I discovered to be heroes by*

birth, that is to say, they were the sons of heroes, and held their titles by reversion; others were heroes by purchase—yet what is that to you?—surely, when a man has bought a thing, and paid for it, he ought to enjoy it; perhaps you will talk to me about the Roman manner of conferring honours; and prate how their candidates for public stations vied with each other in the number and depth of their wounds; but this was a barbarous method of estimating merit, which our modern judges have very wisely exploded; and instead of numbering of wounds and scars, they now number bank-notes and guineas. Were I allowed to draw comparisons between some heroes of the sword and others of the quill, I should rank several of small note with the authors of *Mother Goose*, *Little Thumb*, *Cinderella*, and the *Sleeping Beauties* of *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-Garden*; who with philters, spells, and magical-wands, have deprived the audience of their money, and the managers of their senses; heroes, who to say the best you can of them, are a parcel

of asses, elves, idiots, oafs, and urchins, as ever the family of the vowels produced, and by no means entitled to seats on Parnassus. Nay, if you will believe old Metre's report (who you all know has been hostler to Apollo ever since Chaucer's time) they are totally unfit for stable boys to the muses, and quite unworthy of sleeping near the manger of Pegasus.



THE HEROAD.

CANTO I.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

THE dinner over and the tables clear,
Their new-made president assum'd the chair ;
" Great sons of Mars," cried he, " I humbly move"
" A bumper toast unto the queen of love !"

* " Great sons of Mars," &c. Our author here satirizes levity, and reflects on the conduct of men in high situations, who squander away large sums in riot and debauch, whilst the sober merchant, and the industrious mechanic, are working hard to discharge the demands of public duns.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary,

" Ye soft chinn'd heroes, link'd in cupid's chain,
" Forget your cares--or drown them in Champaigne.
" Ye bacchanalians charge the sparkling glass,
" And emulate old Silenus on his ass."
Then noisy Polemics--crazy politicians,
Toasted state patients---and the state physicians;
Then pigmy heroes of degenerate birth,
With obscene wit, affrighted natural mirth;
Then heroes of the senate and the bar,
And newly-honour'd soldiers, toasted war;
While some just stolen from captivity,
Proposed * a general peace with three times three.
" Talk not of peace," exclaim'd a squeaking fellow,
(Whose ichor † wore a livery of yellow)

* "Proposed a general peace," &c. We hope for humanity's sake, that most people wish for a peace; except commanders and contractors, who are benefited by war.

† "Whose ichor," &c. This term is used to express youth, and will serve ordinarily well to shew the

“ Such notes may please our shoe-makers and
taylor,

“ But will not suit our soldiers or our sailors.

“ Must we stand still because some tradesmen tire?

“ No!--rather let trade fall down and expire;

“ Their judgments are perverted, slow, and wrong,

“ While ours are upright, nimble, sound, and strong;

“ When weakness over, strength usurps dominion,

“ It shews an error, rooted in opinion;

“ An error long-nos'd men eradicate,*

“ As swine root out rank weeds which generate.

degree of debility any men or body of men, are arrived at, when a boyish physician without practice is suffered to purge or bleed them.

* “ An error long-nos'd men,” &c. In days of yore (some time before Rabelais lived) wit and judgment were measured on the nasum scale; and those men to whom nature had been most liberal in length of nose, were selected by the people to arbitrate all

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

- " Have we not armies to repel each force ?
" Have we not fleets to chase on ev'ry course ?
" Have we not leaders of superior merit ?
" Train'd up to arms, of matchless skill and spirit.
" Then beat quick time, pursue the enemy,
" And fight by practice,* not by theory :
" Be hardy, bloody, bold, and resolute,
" Their military tenets to refute ;
-

controversies of weight and consequence. But those rules are not applicable in our days, when men without any nose at all are thrust into situations which require that all the senses should be perfect.

* " And fight by practice," &c. Common observation evinces to us daily, that holiday heroes from the new schools, talk much louder about the service they have seen than old seasoned veterans do ; and the reason " is plain as way to parish church ;" for those men who have bought their experience by long servitude, seldom fall into the defiles, ambuscades, mines, and traps, which the enemy sets *to catch his giddy pursuers in.*

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ And prove that naval tactics taught at school,
“ For want of practice make men play the fool.”
This speech was much applauded by the throng,
And deem’d a master-piece in one so young;
Besides it shew’d an intrepidity
That defy’d perils on the land or sea;
And kindled emulation in the rest,
Till every one heroism profess’d.
The next who spoke appear’d a trifle older,
And tho’ not wiser, he was somewhat bolder.*
This hero entertain’d his new comrades
With anecdotes on war, and martial deeds;
Told them of hair-breadth ‘scapes by flood and field,
’Ere ships would strike their flags, or forts would
yield;

* “ And tho’ not wiser,” &c. This youth was a simpletonian by birth; one who never learned his compass, or surveyed those coasts on which the Britannia had lately received much damage.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary

Froth'd up the measures of each accident,
By battle, shipwreck, or imprisonment ;
Talk'd much of short allowance on the sea,
And of the short allowance on half-pay ;
" The first," quoth he, " our seamen call an ev
" But, ah ! the last, the last, sirs, is the devil."
Then taking up a bottle, fill'd his glass,
And said, who wished peace, he deem'd an ass.
Another hero scratch'd his empty head,*
And talk'd aloud of conquests he had made ;

* " Another hero," &c. Some satirists have written this hero's name at length ; shewing a list of small errors, which most liable to, would have exposed him to censure. I scorn to wound the feelings of any man, sufficient for my present design to prepare the temple of fame, and leave the reader to search heroes in them as are most deserving

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

First, Quashaba, a negro on the town,
Then Cumena, a creole of renown ;
Next wide-mouth'd Kate, who being drumm'd from
 camp,
Now o'er the hills of Kent with gipsies tramp ;
Then flaming Phœbe, who at Tom's or Guy's*
Had been oft quench'd with cooling remedies.
“ I smile,” quoth he, “ to hear those talk of war,
“ Who cannot show one honourable scar ;
“ Poor youths, who never felt those burning coasts,
“ Where centinels on duty seem like ghosts ;
“ Or ever dar'd to enter that deep foss,
“ Where men engage the enemy with loss ;
“ Where tho' some happen to crawl out again,
“ Their consequence receives a dirty stain.”
Then with his thumb and finger on his flap,
He nipp'd, and twitch'd, like one who has a clap :

* *St. Thomas and Guy's Hospitals.*

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

This filthy fellow kept the mess account,
And ev'ry month could tell them its amount;
Nay some folks thought the knave a knowing wight
As by long practice he had learn'd to write
Short hand, arithmetic, the varlet knew :
He'd multiply—dot one, and carry two ;
With miscellanies and deficiencies
Correct all errors in his entries.
One Dullness,* a contractor, him supply'd,
With offal, that on Grub-street shambles laid,
And many maggots bred in his soft head ;
Like those in owls or asses that are dead ;

* " One dullness," &c. This was a treasurer of great celebrity, a noisy bawdy-faced fellow, who passed among the sons of Bacchus for a wit, because he sometimes caused them to shake their empty nod-dles at a pun, or conundrum of his manufacturing.

THE HEROAD.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

Or those in unwash'd tripe, by flies blown o'er,
Till filthy reptiles crawl thro' ev'ry pore;
Or those in stinking skins, too strong to smell,
Skins fit for none but dirty hands to feel;
On such corrupted trash his mind could feast,
And from its rankness fancy he had taste.
Like great Demosthenes, this fool would prate,
About the wealth and vigour of the state;
Talk loud of armies on the land, or flood,
Of manufactures, commerce, corn, and wood;
And laugh at those who purchas'd foreign aid,
With thrice the sum deriv'd from foreign trade.
"What pow'r," quoth he, " can give that pow'r as-
sistance,
Against whose pow'r no pow'r can make re-
sistance;
Why need Britain subsidize with gold,
A set of knaves who may be bought and sold;
Fruitful, mercenary caitiffs, who
Their allies—and their subjects too;

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ And like the fabled viper glut their maws,
“ On those who snatch’d them from the eagle’s claws,
“ Methinks the great palladium of this isle,
“ Is more than proof against each foreign wile ;
“ Nor can it call for much philosophy,
“ To substitute the things which they supply,
“ Or invent succedaneums in due time,
“ For the productions of each foreign clime ;
“ Dram-drinkers will not call for gin much longer,
“ If brewers make the beer a trifle stronger ;
“ Nor will the sons of Bacchus gape and pine
“ For Gallia’s brandy, or Iberia’s wine :
“ Nor shall we want for tallow, pitch, or tar,
“ To shew us light, or keep us staunch in war,
“ Since we from coals, both pitch and tar can boil,
“ And burn the smoak in lamps, in lieu of oil. *

* “ And burn the smoak.” About this time some
fumean heroes of Windsor, gave long lectures on the

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

- “ The hemp and firs—if hemp and firs we sow,
“ In Ireland, or in Scotland, they will grow ;
“ Abundance of good iron lays in Wales,
“ And wool or cotton may be us’d for sails.”
“ My god,” cried Censor, “ I’ll no longer wait,
“ To hear these airy politicians prate ;
“ Let them be banish’d to some frigid zone,
“ Where sun of common sense has never shone ;
“ There let them preach by theoretic rules,
“ And convert folly’s fanatics and fools ;
“ No spies their harmless doctrines will suspect,
“ Old Dullness will his favourite sons protect.
“ Not all the fire in wit’s eccentric climes,
“ Where ardent poets hammer burning rhymes,
-

properties of gas, and wanted to introduce smoak into gentlemen’s houses ; while the anti-fumeans of Rumford were amusing themselves by trying to keep it out !

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ Or the wild fury of satiric flames,
“ Can singe the sons of Chelsea, or old Thames,
“ Or dry phlegmatic rheum in weak eyes,
“ Or burn out moats and beams which daily rise,
“ Or melt the harden’d wax in common ears,
“ Or extract spirit out of rotten pears.
“ Oh ! fly, Britannia’s angel, with my pray’r,
“ And tell thy lord what useless men are here !
“ Men who upon the public labour thrive,
“ Like moths in cloth, or drones within a hive ;
“ Who serve no other purpose in a state
“ Than to consume its stores and generate.
“ Perhaps the pow’r that holds o’er us dominion,
“ Will alter them in action and opinion ;

* “ Like moths in cloth, or drones within a hive.”
Censor compares some of our drowsy senators to drone bees, which being a burthen upon the community, they are driven from their cells by the laws of that judicious republic.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ Or send his usher with a rod of sable,
“ To drive those idle school-boys from the table;
“ Or take away the water and the meal,*
“ To feed those men who seek the public’s weal;
“ Who wish their country’s riches to increase
“ From the fat olive that adorns fair peace,
“ Yet scorn to make our foes servile concessions,†
“ Or punish gallant tars for small transgressions;
“ As undeserv’d rebukes oft break the spirit
“ Our heroes on the land or main inherit.”

His speech being ended,—clamour rose up high,
One snarl’d a threat, another growl’d a sigh;

• “ Or take away,” &c. Reduce their enormous pensions, &c.

† “ Yet scorn’d to make,” &c. The affair of the Chasepeake Frigate and some other disputes with America, ran high at this time.

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Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ To please the humours of a genius falsi,
“ Who lives ’tween Greenwich Hospital and Chelsea ;

“ Or how should that small hero rear’d in bogs,
“ (Who fed and slept with cows, and sheep, and hogs)

“ Have kept our pic-nic novices in awe,
“ Or in great Britain’s theatres gave law,
“ Or on her roast and boil’d beef bounties carv’d,
“ While some who watch’d the bullocks almost starv’d.

“ This Thespian youth, this pupil of Athalia,
“ Put on the sock, the buskin, and regalia,
“ To act a hero in the Deaf and Dumb,
“ Or play with Mother Goose and Little Thumb;
“ Or represent some strange unnatural feat,
“ Perform’d by sailors in the British fleet ;
“ Or tread enchanted plains with those bold fellows
“ Who sleeping beauties seek, or Cinderellas.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ In those dull days great Sheridan and Kemble,
“ With Lilliputian authors would assemble,
“ Whose writings are a species of high treason,
“ Against the state and sovereign will of reason ;
“ Then nature was perverted, truth traduc’d,
“ Our senses and our judgments were abus’d ;
“ And all who trod those deserts ran a risque
“ Of falling into quicksands of burlesque.
“ But how a London manager finds beauty
“ In flying spirits, whether fair or sooty ;
“ Or Chiron’s rowing over Styx a sprite,
“ Can give a London audience delight,
“ Are queries something more than natural,
“ And can be solved no where but in hell.
“ I read a comedy the other day,
“ Call’d Loyalty ;—’twas written on the sea ;
“ That piece our managers have doom’d to rot,
“ Because there are no devils in the plot ;
“ For devils now are so familiar grown,
“ Few pieces please in which they are not shown :

Modern Heroes and Public Ordinary.

" No natural scenes now fill the house with wonder,
 " Gods must descend, in whirlwinds, lightnings,
 thunder !

" Or demons rise and snatch some wretch away,
 " To make the audience clap and cry huzza."

" Fye, fye," said one in black,* (who by his parts
 Appeared to be a batchelor of arts)

" Whoever on such heroes cast rebukes,
 " Should be confin'd in Bethlem in St. Luke's.

* " Fye, fye," said one in black," &c. This hero was a churchman; one who loved harmony and good liquor; and in a pleasant and familiar manner, would check the disputes of foolish oppositionists, both in church and state. "What the de'el ail ye," he would say, (when they were wrangling for precedence and power) "ye are over hasty to wear swords and tread too much in the footsteps of dame Honour, who appears to have been your great grandmother. I am happy the old jade was not allied to

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

" It seems as if the satirists of this nation,
" Are all afflicted with an illaic passion ;
" And that the natural passage for the soil,
" Is choak'd with humours of the spleen and bile ;
" Till their contagious breathe becomes so tainted,
" It putrifies all things with them acquainted.
" The estimates of human valuation,
" Are made by different modes of calculation ;

our family, whose extraction my father has described
in a book where all our names are registered."

Upon Tyne's banks, (a river of great worth)
The loving couple dwelt who gave me birth ;
And from their words and actions I could trace
A keel-man's voice, a cinder-wench's grace.
'Tis true, my father was no son of Mars,
Yet he had many bruises and deep scars,
Which were within his country's service got,
From slates and coals whilst pede* at the port.

* *Pede* is a term for the boy who keeps the port-
hole. Clear while they cast coals into the ship.

“ Youth value those who furnish them with pleasure,

“ And manhood those who furnish them with treasure,

“ While age think those who guide men’s precious souls

“ Beyond the equinoctial, and the poles,

“ Of greater service in an impious state,

“ Than such as armies lead, or navigate ;

“ Nay deem them worthy of a few small tythes,

“ Cut down in fields with sickles or with scythes.

“ Yet many sons of Belial explode us,

“ Because we make objections to their modus ;

“ Their scandal, like an impious witch’s pray’r,

“ Flies upon eagle’s wings and taints the air ;

“ In circles of society it rolls,

“ And poisons from the centre to the poles ;

“ But these are caitiffs, who for private views,

“ Betray their country, and her trust abuse,

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ Who think no public peculations bad,
“ While they can guineas to their coffers add ;
“ Such daring varlets should be kept in awe,
“ By swords and halters in the hands of law,
“ Or sent to wander* in the land of Nod,
“ Like Cain the fugitives of man and God.”
“ It shall be so,” replied an honest sailor,
“ When I am made a judge, or you a jailor ;
“ Nor shall the empty whistling of a name,
“ Or party-colour’d vestures hide their shame ;
“ Then knavish traitors, cowards, and contractors,
“ Shall be adjudg’d, and us’d as malefactors ;
“ But listen while I tell a pleasing story,
“ Of one who by large contracts rais’d his glory :
“ Whatever artist this fam’d portrait drew,
“ Must have some king of Israel in view ;

* “ Or sent to wander,” &c. Be transported to
Botany Bay.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

- " So like a jew in ev'ry part it runs,
" You'd swear the knave was one of David's sons ;
" This hero was a noted chevalier,
" Yet not a harum-scarrum reveller,
" Who spent his time in game-houses and stews,
(Whose very name would stain a spotless muse)
" Nor would he cross the Alps or Appenines,
" To mark the olive's season, or the vines ;
" If David travell'd 'twas in search of treasure,
" Not what degrees at the equator measure ;
" No virtuoso skill'd,* or naturalist,
" In quest of fossil, reptile, bird, or beast,
-

* "No virtuoso," &c. A reflection on those plenipotentiaries, who instead of studying the tempers of those with whom they are sent to treat, content themselves with examining the temper of the soil, and collecting curiosities for the British Museum.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ Nor would he dive for corals, shells, and weeds,
“ The childish witnesses of childish deeds.
“ His study was the number, measure weight,
“ By which the men of Judea learn to cheat;
“ And being prudent, watchful, sober, still,
“ Would kiss an ass that brought grist to his mill:
“ Upon the line that marks his pedigree,
“ Some tints of various callings you may see;
“ The father’s business* down a cellar laid,
“ In meting coals to widow, wife, and maid,
“ Or serving them with pennyworths of fuel,
“ Tied up, like matches, with a piece of crewell;
“ His mother took her station by the scale,
“ And weigh’d them flour, pollard, bran, or meal;

*“ The father’s business,” &c. This alludes to the base extraction of some mushroom families, who (as Lady Rodolpha observes in Macklin’s play) are become rich by lotteries, loans, and contracts.

† A sort of worsted.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

" But trusted none, for once a bankrupt made,
" No trust, is the best maxim us'd in trade.
" Their dwelling was a freehold tenement,
" A little place, of forty shillings rent;
" Bought with the profits of an early trade,
" For fifty pounds, and by instalments paid :
" This little house was mortgag'd now and then,
" To make the son appear a gentleman.
" And long they strain'd the sinews of their wit,
" To find a calling that the son could fit ;
" A broker first they tried, and then a factor ;
" A purser next, and lastly a contractor :"
Such was the picture that our poet drew,
Then say, if David's son be like a jew.
" He is not like a British patriot,"
Exclaim'd a man, who seem'd to be a Scot ;
" Nor like Astrophel,* the fierce water rug,
" In Scotia bred, a keen and watchful dog,

* " Or like Astrophel," &c. This character is so well known it needs no explanation here ; and if

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

" Who guided Britain's fleets o'er trackless space,
 " And found new ways to the remotest place ;
 " As bees smell sweets by traversing the wind,
 " So he by traverse sailing* sweets could find ;
 " Great nature to her children provident,
 " Gave him a noble organ for its scent ;
 " Nor has she left him destitute of taste,
 " Or eye, or ear, his feelings are the least.
 " Was I to lay his senses on a scale
 " Of twenty equal parts—ten would be smell ;
 " Four parts to taste, and three to sight I'd give,
 " To hearing two, and one to feeling leave :
 " In horses and in hounds too he was read,
 " And knew where all the game of Britain laid ;

honesty has not left the island, his name will be held in detestation when this satire is no longer read.

* " So he by traverse sailing," &c. An indirect method of getting money.

“ But avarice* so dried his sordid brain,
“ While hunting in hot climates after gain,
“ That folly’s fever (like a calenture)
“ Produc’d a thirst few Britons can endure;
“ Yet falling into errors now and then,
“ Are slips which happen to the wisest men;
“ Decrees of fate are hard to over-rule,
“ One man is wise, another is a fool;
“ One may run wrong ten times, and turn about,
“ Another only once, and get turn’d out.
“ But sure the plaintive sighs of supplication,
“ Or penitential tears of reformation,
“ From a succeeding line of consequents,
“ Will cleanse the foulness from antecedents,

* “ But avarice,” &c. This hero racked his imagination with the infinite series on private gain; but wholly disregarded the infinite series of public loss, while paying 90 days interest on tradesmen’s bills; which interest might be saved by paying the bills on *receipts of right deliveries*, &c.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

- " Or the keen swords of future bravery,
" Cut off the long entails of knavery ;
" Since London is the region, climate, soil,
" Where great men are rewarded for their toil ;
" And Thames the Lethe where those heroes drink,
" Who never on past words or actions think ;
" Westminster generals feel no remorse,
(" Tho' soldiers' children cry, and widows curse ;)*
" Westminster counsellors invalidate
" Truth's evidence, altho' immensurate ;
" Westminster barbers patent perukes make,
" For noddles which with panic's palsy shake ;
" While artists mould medallions of cast brass,
" To ornament the neck of many an ass ;
-

* " Tho' soldiers," &c. See the execrations of our army on the Buenos Ayres expedition.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary

“ Or how could virtue, valour, emulation,
“ Shine so refulgent thro’ this happy nation.
“ While Britain’s statesmen honour propagate,
“ And martial leaders valour cultivate.
“ Can Gallia’s council, or her warlike host,
“ A train of such unblemished heroes boast?
“ What is her Tallyrand or Buonaparte,
“ Compar’d with men of measureless desert;
“ Tally, a bastard of some camp Circassian,
“ Boney, the natural son of an assassin;
“ Who would forsake a Saviour, and turn pagan,
“ Or in Phillistia dwell, and worship Dagon,
“ Nay, sell themselves and country to perdition,
“ To gain the summit of their vast ambition?
“ But would you christen that, or this, a hero,
“ Name one Petronius,* and the other Nero.

* Petronius Arbiter was the minion of Nero, and pander of his vices.

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Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ These fellows gape, like Dutchmen singing psalms,
“ For Europe’s knotty oaks,* and Asia’s palms ;
“ Or branching cedars from warm Africa,
“ Or lofty pines from cold America,
“ That they may fit out fleets of ships and boats,
“ To capture all that on the ocean floats ;
“ Declaring they will rule by sea and land,
“ And snatch the trident from Britannia’s hand.
“ Such loud menaces are not strange I know,
“ Since ’tis the nature of a cock to crow ;*

* “ For Europe’s knotty oaks,” &c. To seize on the mightiest monarchs, and usurp the sceptre of universal dominion.

† “ Since ’tis the nature of a cock,” &c. This symbolic figure is very just and beautiful ; as the noisy gasconadings of France may be compared to the crowing of a cock, that often startles the British lion from his slumbers, but never dares to approach too near him

THE HEROAD.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

5

salms,

" But we have Ciceros can them refute,

" And Cæsars too will their bold claims dispute.

" Long-winded heroes, who from vague conjectures,

" Amuse their auditors with loud-tongu'd lectures,

" And set up indexes to point the ways,

" Where Britain's honor, wealth, and glory lays ;

" For silence (tho' a virtue with the wise,)

" Is deem'd a vice by people fond of noise,

" And proves why noisy knaves on land or main,

" Are deck'd with honours, garter, collar, chain,

" Since by a patent (some call impudence)

" They wear rewards* of others vigilance ;

" But was I guardian of Britannia's treasure ;

" I'd mete rewards by merit's honest measure ;

* "They wear rewards," &c. These were blushing heroes ; who becoming ashamed of their own actions, retired from the service with disgust, and hewed the cud of disappointment.

Modern heroes at a Public Ordinary.

" All those who put their talents out at use,
 " Should have high seats of honour in my house ;
 " While such as let them in foul napkins lay,
 " Were superannuated on half-pay."
 " Right, right, that's right" (reply'd a huntsman bold,
 Who in the chace was getting rather old)
 " Yet tell me,* noble Acteon, on what course
 " The hounds should run when they're at a loss.
 " I know my gallant pack† all ready stand,
 " To hunt by water, or to hunt by land ;
 " Hounds of all kinds, sagacious, fleet, and dull,
 " From the light beagle to the heavy bull ;
 " Blood hounds, whose scents will not mistake the trace,
 " Greyhounds for coursing, fox hounds for the chace,

* " Yet tell me, noble Acteon," &c. This was to remind him of that hunter's fate, who was torn to pieces by his own dogs, for breaking the laws of virtue, &c.

† " I know my gallant pack," &c. These lines are quoted from a marine poem, intitled the Son of Commerce.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary

- " Herriers and terriers, thro' the fields, to roam,
" And mastiffs fierce, to guard all things at home ;
" Hounds of true courage and fidelity,
" Who never quit their master till they die.
" My treasurers practice arithmetic,
" My counsellors are versed in rhetoric,
" My bishops are skill'd in theology,
" And all my generals teach philosophy ;
" Cartesian maxims they with ease o'ercome,
" And in the bottle prove a vacuum.
" Some Aristotle's logic overthrow,
" By swearing tho' things are—they are not true ;
" While others simple honesty dispute,
" And pugilistic reasoning refute ;
" For when the rogues* receive a knock-down blow,
" They rise again and join my mortal foe."
-

* " They rise again," &c. Cold night-caps for traitors to *their country*; and being of an elastic

CANTO II.

AWHILE confusion round the table ran,
 Till like one drunk, old censor thus began :
 “ In present joys* let us past sorrows drown,
 “ Let wreaths of laurel present heroes crown ;
 “ Lo ! Britain’s generals once more take the field,
 “ And foreign chieftains to their prowess yield ;
 “ Well train’d and arm’d youths round their stan-
 dard fly,
 “ And when strength fails them artful means they
 try ;

nature, they will cover the bald pates of those ex-
 monarchs, who by cowardice and treachery have
 lost their crowns.

* “ In present joys,” &c. The muse is elated to find
 so many heroes in pursuit of fame and fortune, after
 their repeated ill successes ; but fame and fortune are
 game of such an exquisite flavour, that no danger
 will deter men from pursuing them.

 Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

" If wit's weak majors ask for more defence,
 " They send out minor guards of impudence ;
 " While judgment trembles at the consequence. }
 " Hence 'tis some vain expecting men get crost,
 " And all their views to fame and fortune lost ;
 " A needy fool,* who hunts for fame or place,
 " Is always lame or feeble in the chace ;
 " To him the wheels of time roll slowly on,
 " While nimble Matthew, Mark, or Luke, or John,
 " Pass by with scrowls of enterprizing acts,
 " To swell out extraordinary gazettes :
 " Some heroes light of foot run over dales,
 " Or climb high hills to carry out strange tales ;
 " Some practice courtly steps, and courtly bows,
 " Or prove their faith by diplomatic vows ;

* " A needy fool," &c. Reflections for those castle builders who have no other materials to work on, but the promises of great men, who had coaxed them out of *their votes* at contested elections.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ Some hunt for wealth and fame in fields and
trenches,

“ Some hunt in pulpits, others hunt on benches ;

“ Some heroes hunt for them upon the sea,

“ And some in the Materia Medica.

“ A hero of this sort* the other day,

“ Apply'd at Surgeon's Hall for his degree ;

“ Boyle's Chemistry to them he loudly read,

“ And Hunter's Lectures echoed in each head ;

“ In terms of art, this empty empiric,

“ Told them what mineral was, what botanic,

“ And whether this root sprung, or that bark grew,

“ At western Ind, or Mexican Peru ;

“ A list of wond'rous cures to them he shew,

“ Of private cures, and public cures too,

* “ A hero,” &c. This petty fellow was a medical quack, who pretended to cure all sorts of diseases.

" In which saccharum* orrum pills prevail'd,
 " When those of Mars† and Mercury had fail'd.
 " He was not one who cured wounds by halves,
 " If balsams heal'd not, he apply'd strong salves,
 " With rosin, wax, or unction's sov'reign ointment,
 " He spread ‡ thick plagets by the king's appoint-
 ment,
 " And sent them forth to heal those sons of Mars,
 " Who had been mutilated in the wars ;
 " He always kept the country patients cool,
 " With drops of nitre,§ and thin water-gruel ;

* " In which saccharum," &c. These were foreign subsidies.

† When those of Mars, &c. Means force and treaty. Mars being the deity of war, and Mercury a courier, or ambassador.

‡ " He spread, &c." Titles, orders, and medals.

§ " With drops of nitre," &c. Military force and the impress service.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ For sago,* isinglass, or arrow-root,
“ Line-seed,† or oatmeal, he would substitute,
“ Or give them Scotch burgoo and lillipee,
“ Instead of tapioca, or wine-whey,
“ And while the drooping patients daily died,
“ His quack-like practice thus he justified;
‘ Such cases, sirs, are what we term systole,
‘ Which were at first supposed a dyastole;
‘ Two words whose accents join in metre sweet;
‘ Yet just as different are as cold and heat,
‘ Or slow to quick, or empty unto full;
‘ I cannot make men active who are dull,
‘ Or render people’s slumbers permanent;
‘ Who dream of loss, and start with discontent.’

* “ For sago,” &c. Wisdom, prudence, and economy.

† “ Line-seed,” &c. Petty nostrums for people in a low condition; as a police, a property-tax, &c.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ Long time he undermined the people’s health,
“ And fill’d his coffers with the people’s wealth;
“ At length the fates combin’d his fame to cross,
“ And from their distaff spun him many a loss;
“ For while Sangrado’s specifics he try’d,
“ Most that he practic’d on grew worse and dy’d;
“ And several chemists skill’d in botany,
“ And surgeons who practic’d anatomy,
“ Declar’d (in language bold and satiric)
“ He was a sniveling, driveling, empiric,
“ Who mix’d up vile adulterated physic,
“ For every trivial head-ach, cough, phthisic,
“ Yet knew no properties in medica,
“ And was unworthy their diploma;
“ Thus by a blow, severe an unexpected,
“ He was kick’d out,* unpitied, and dejected,

* “ He was kick’d out,” &c. This hero was struck off the staff soon after this sangradian experiment was tried.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ But soon obtain’d small favours from the fair,
“ Who lov’d him for those charms, that nameless are,
“ Not that he boasted Ganymede’s soft lips,
“ Who bears the bowl, whence Jove his nectar sips,
“ Or rose that glow’d on young Adonis’ cheek,
“ Or Lilly on Narcissus’ manly neck.
“ Hence justice to the sex, bids me conclude,
“ Their love or pity sprung from gratitude ;
“ They pitied the many scales and scars,
“ Receiv’d from Amazonians in hot wars.
“ To find the root of his genealogy,
“ Is a hard problem in chronology ;
“ The modern sons* of physic think it sin
“ To own him of their country or their kin.

* “ The modern sons,” &c. This is a severe reflection for fallen greatness, who abused the power vested in them, and took from the flock, wool, skin,

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

- " All Scotchmen swear he sprung not from Pitcairn,
" All Germans swear he sprung not from Hoffman,
" The Danes declare he's not from Bartholinus,
" The Greeks declare he's not from Parecelsus ;
" But still I hop'd to find so great a name,
" In large italics on some page of fame.
" This made me search thro' Newgate's Calendar,
" To find our hero's name and character ;
" But seeing them in neither writ or summons,
" I drove away post-haste to Doctor's Commons ;
" Enquir'd of all the scriveners and proctors,
" The legem batchelors and legem doctors,
-

and flesh, till they appeared like Zekiel's vision of dry bones.

- " How lov'd, how valued once, avails them not,
" To whom related, or by whom begot ;
" All widow's hatred after them will fly,
" And orphan's curses thro' posterity.

" But ne'er a hero of that house could tell,
" Or shew a marriage settlement or will,
" Next I trac'd out the genealogy,
" Of ev'ry hero in mythology ;
" Turn'd all the figures o'er and o'er again,
" Survey'd their monstrous shapes,* but look'd in
vain,
" Till Chiron, the Centaur, appear'd in view,
" And straight my doctor's† origin I knew,

* " Survey'd their monstrous shapes," &c. The protean transformation of this hero, had no semblance in natural history.

† " And straight my doctor's," &c. It seems a burlesque upon common sense, when such blundering fellows are chosen to regulate the diets of a convalescent community. Why should the rich soups we prepare be sent to foreign hospitals, while our own sick stand in need of them? What are foreigners to us? I hate the Janus faced varlets, for not one of *them* can be depended upon; and all their dupli-

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ For Chiron being half a man, half horse,
“ And Chiron’s wife, half woman, and half ass,
“ They got a son, who by his tail and ears,
“ The emblem of old Isachar appears.”

Such was the droll description Censor drew,
Of a state quack that formerly he knew ;
And here a difference rose in argument,
Between old Censor and the president ;
The president affirming he could draw
A more deform’d disciple of the law,
Or from two signs in the zodiac,
Characterize some hypocrites in black,
As several heroes clad in sable coats,
Are more lascivious grown than rams or goats :
But Censor gravely bade him to beware,
And not with law or gospel interfere,

cates of honour are forfeited to old Stephen, the
Pawnbroker, long ago.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

Since both instructed men to shun great evils,
Yet, if provok'd, they both could storm like devils.
Besides, sir, honesty is prov'd a foible,
Falsehood a perjury, and truth a libel ;
And who divines or lawyers ridicule,
Must sit whole years upon repentance stool ;
No more shall satire tell old Wit's successors
The brilliant actions of their predecessors,
Or crack their jokes with poets all in tatters,
Or join the lists, and fight with men of letters,
Against whole troops, who while they sentry keep
O'er Britain's dough—and view the swelling heap,
By Satan's dark assistance steal large batches,
Yet 'scape from justice's sword with little scratches ;
These stories must not reach posterity ;
These actions with the actors ought to die.
Say what you please of barbers, tinkers, taylors,
Or poor disabled militants and sailors,
But dare not on your life cast just reproaches
At heroes rolling thro' the park in coaches,

Or those from Buenos Ayres and the Tagus,
Who with mock conquests or conventions plague us,*
Who think pacific heroes drunk or mad,
While any loaves or fishes can be had ;
Kill, flay, they cry, let war our mess supply,
None wish for peace† who dread lean poverty ;
Whip ev'ry unambitious rogue away,
Who gets young brats, and starves upon half-pay ;
Or while bright vict'ry smiles him in the face,
Flies from the charge, and tamely sues for peace.

* " Who with mock-conquests," &c. There is no country more afflicted with subjects of this sort than Great Britain ; lame wretches, who halt in the slough of despond ; and forfeit their claims to glory, by sneaking home again.

† " None wish for peace," &c. Every whisper about a peace, sounds in the ears of youthful heroes, like Jove's dread thunder.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ Is there no difference,” said the secretary,
“ Between a general and th’ apothecary ;
“ Or those who fought upon the plains of Maida,
“ And Chelsea cripples looking out for pay-day ;
“ If valour be a virtue,—cowardice
“ In honour’s catalogue will be a vice ;
“ And neither gum in words, nor gall in ink,
“ Two such contrary qualities can link.
“ Behold Tom Tough, yon hardy, noisy, dog,
“ Whose summum bonum is his whore and grog,
“ Declaring he will hear no peaceful story,
“ Till Gallia’s heroes are all gone to glory.
‘ Ich dien,’ he cries, ‘ Britannia is my matron,
‘ Fortune my mistress, honour is my patron !’
“ Nor will he* ever take his country’s pay,
“ To spend on courtezan’s or lose at play.

* “ Nor will he,” &c. This is a sore evil, and
nothing but honor will cure it.

“ I knew him when he studied theory,
“ In Portsmouth’s fam’d marine academy ;
“ And oft have seen him* draw in various forms,
“ Ships sinking in a battle, or in storms ;
“ Sometimes by means of crabs, or scuttle shells,
“ With ozier masts, rush yards, and paper-sails,
“ He put in practice what old Bushy taught,
“ While training naval heroes in the yatcht ;
“ Each marine art lay at his finger ends,
“ He could make granna’s knots, and carrick bends,†

* “ And oft have seen,” &c. Alluding to the childish amusements of the age, both in real life, and in the representation of it.

“ He could make,” &c. Granna’s knots are terms given to those knots, where the ends are put wrong. Carrick-bend is a term for uniting the ends of large ropes together, which are to be separated with ease when required.

 Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary

“ And cast a ship-shank,* or the knot term’d bowline,
 “ On thread and twine, by him call’d warp or towline,
 “ While here he studied to resolve a traverse,
 “ Old interest a branch pilot in the service,
 “ Conducted him† to where they gave out warrants,
 “ And of soft smooth-chinn’d heroes make knight-
 errants,
 “ As all of noble lineage have a claim
 “ To fortune’s sugar, and the sack of fame;
 “ His journals‡ were revis’d by Astrophel,
 “ And copied fair by one Emanuel;

* “ And cast a ship-shank,” &c. A sea term for putting ropes into various forms and uses.

† “ Conducted him,” &c. To Whitehall, or any house you please.

‡ “ His journals,” &c. It is the practice of many officers in the navy, previous to their advancement, to employ an amanuensis, who copy their journals, from different log-books, and procure them preference for a little grog.

 Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

- " These being ask'd for, Tough undaunted stands,
 " And shews them sketches drawn from foreign
 lands;
 " A promontory here, and there a bay,
 " Where Britain's fleets so oft at anchor lay.
 'My lord,' quoth Interest,* 'well I know each
 place,
 ' And in my memory all those points can trace;
 ' It pleases me when young men of respect,
 ' In executive duties are correct;
 ' Heroes of noble birth† should fill high stations,
 ' And strike a terror into foreign nations.

• " My lord, quoth interest," &c. It is a lamentable truth, that youth of small experience are intrusted with commands, while seasoned veterans are laid on shelves as things grown old and useless.

† " Heroes of noble birth," &c. As this work is expected to live long, we do not christen our worthies, but allow the readers to call them by any names they please.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary,

" Tom never quits his vessel in a bay,
 " To squire handsome ladies to a play,
 " Or neglect Britain's safety* or trade,
 " To tend a rout, a ball, or masquerade,
 " Or like a butterfly, plays round a flower,
 " While Gallia's wasps and bees its sweets devour,
 " Tom never makes Sir Pertinax's bow,
 " Or plaudit stories whether false or true,
 " Or on the promises of governors wait,
 " Like those from Dardenelles† and Rio Plate;

* " Or neglect Britain's safety," &c. A reflection on those commanders who leave their ship to make a figure in the dance; or spend whole nights with Circassian harlots; while fair commerce is exposed to every vile intruder.

† " Like those from Dardenelles," &c. By reading the annals of 1807 and 1808, you will see a list of heroes, in England, Russia, Prussia, Denmark Portugal, and Spain, who signalized themselves in battle; and by following the sage council of *Hudibras*, they kept the enemy in continual alarm,

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ Nor has he brought an odium on the nation,
“ By a retreat, or base capitulation ;
“ Like those who feebly fought, and lost the day,
“ Then hoisted sails, and basely ran away.’
As few men could old Interest refute,
”Twas confirm’d madness with him to dispute ;
And since no hero at the ordinary,
Knew more of Tom Tough than his secretary ;
The flood-gates of their ears embogu’d the story,
And many heads ach’d sore at Tom Tough’s glory,
For by the secretary’s loud bombast,
They thought this tar excell’d all heroes past ;
At length a guest, with manners somewhat rough,
Produc’d a worthy greater than Tom Tough ;
“ Stand back,”* he cry’d, “ the Major Clowder
comes,
“ Ye minor heroes tarry at your homes ;

* “ Stand back,” &c. This hero was a kind of satellite to the Georgium Sidus ; and whenever in con-

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary

- " Let vintners bring forth their choicest wine,
" Make Clouder's banquets rival Jove's divine ;
" And while the animating health goes round,
" Or the loud kettle drums and cannons sound ;
" Survey great Clouder envelop'd in smoke,
" That would a barber or a tailor choak ;
" Or those whose souls delight in stench and noise,
" Produc'd in grand salutes, and *feu de joies* ;
" Bid charcoal burners* make this son of fame,
" A grand transparency (involv'd in flame)
" Till Pluto blushes like a shame-fac'd ass,
" To see an earth-born hero him surpass ;
" Or storm at Proserpine, and kick down stairs
" Cooks, sutlers, caterers, vintners, engineers.
-

* " Bid charcoal burners," &c. The whole corps of miners, refiners, and coiners, were unable to supply this extravagant hero with gold.

 Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

" Let men of figures* sum up all the pounds
 " Of powder, shot, and shells, and count the rounds
 " Which vain parade and folly throw away,
 " To honor little heroes† of the day ;
 " And should the aggregate strike credit dumb,
 " Bid statuary cut it on his tomb,
 " In imitation‡ of that wise Mynheer,
 " Who thought he'd found the circles quadrature ;

* " Let men of figures" &c. Miscreants who rack their brains to find out new methods of taxation.

† " To honour little heroes," &c. The practice of firing salutes on every trivial occasion, is now almost exploded.

‡ " In imitation," &c. Nature having by mistake furnished a Dutchman with more brains than she usually bestows on that flat-headed people, he set about finding the circles quadrature ; and having carried his calculus to thirty-six places of decimals, had the vanity to have them engraved on his tombstone.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

“ Let London livery-men freedoms prepare,
“ And honorary medals let him wear,
“ Inform those men, that while their bounties sleep
“ The debt to Clouder’s services grows deep.
“ They should invite him* to each city feast,
“ Where he might eat and drink his soul to rest ;

* “ They should invite him,” &c. It was common in those days to see the following advertisements :—On Monday, His Royal Highness will give a sumptuous dinner to the ex-princes, &c. On Tuesday, his grace the Duke of B—— gives a grand dinner to his agricultural friends at the London Tavern. On Wednesday the Earl of C— gives an elegant entertainment to the Whig Party, at Freemason’s Hall. On Thursday, Marquis D—— will invite a select party to dine at the Sabloniere. On Friday, the Hon. Lord E—— gives a grand supper and ball to the foreign ambassadors. On Saturday,

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

" Then tow him safely into some snug port,
" Within the purlieus of Britannia's court,
" Till courtly honours make the major blest,
" The majors hungry maw, will never rest."
With this dry tale of fulsome adulation,
He fed the ears* of hungry emulation,
And promised crowns of abdicated states,
To heroes who perform'd heroic feats ;
Talk'd of those places where dwarf heroes reign,
France, Holland, Denmark, Portugal, and Spain,
Laugh'd at old customs made a mock diversion,
Of such as hold high stations by reversion ;

Sir F—— gives a brilliant fête à champêtre to the great staff officers, &c.

* " He fed," &c. At the time Buonaparte was extending his conquests, pulling down of old kingdoms, and erecting of new ones, his opponents used to assemble in large feasting parties ; here, (like

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

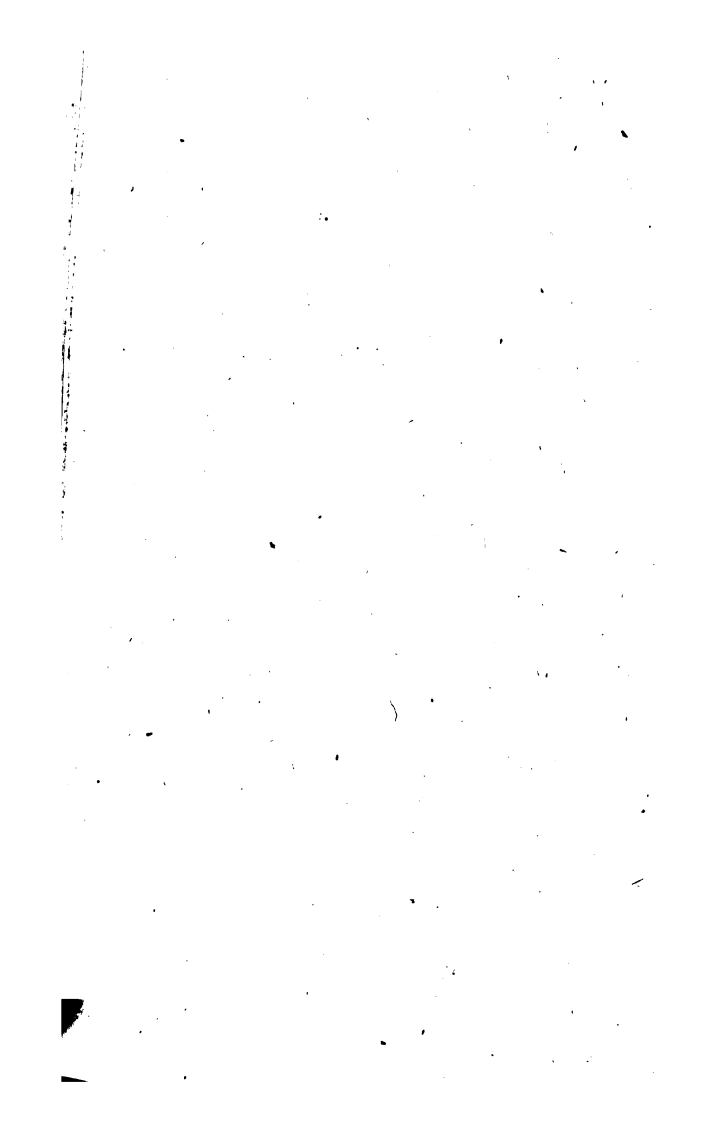
To chiefs* who conquer'd upon land or water,
 He gave bright honours of the Bath and Garter ;
 Invested noisy heroes with new swords,
 Gave large estates, and muster'd them with lords.
 The city and country squires where content
 With little easy seats in parliament,
 Those worthies who had marshall'd volunteers,
 Were entered in the lists of pensioners,
 Some bald-pate mayors were made baronets,
 And sundry quacks got ducal coronets ;

mice in the fable) they plotted and planned various methods to destroy him ; but finding their design were ineffectual, they agreed to eat, drink, and be merry, lest on the morrow they should die.

• "To chiefs," &c. British bounty soared so high at this time that it became dizzy, and fell in great quantities on some heroes who invented strange fire to burn the enemy, and afterwards ran away before the light of it. See the Boulogne Expedition.

Modern Heroes at a Public Ordinary.

He levied subsidies on impudence,
For blushing youths of small assurance,
Laid all the talents under requisitions,
And made the whole assembly politicians.



A

SAILOR'S DREAM.

WHATEVER the office of fancy may be, I know not, yet certain it is, that I no sooner retired to sleep, than my imagination was hurried away to a gin shop near Portsmouth Point, in which methought John Bull and Poll Hibernia were sitting, discoursing on the power of love and sympathy.

As no spot between this place and Mount Helicon is better situated for hearing those soft dialogues, my attention became so rivetted to it, that I heard *nothing else, saw nothing else, nor received any kind*

A Sailor's Dream.

did not dream the other nigh that you were drowned, and almost wept my eyes out about it.”*

John.—“ By St. Stephen we were nearly lost, I assure you. A little longer on that course at the rate we were going, had ran our ship aground.”

Poll.—“ Whereabouts was she at that time, my dear.”

John.—“ Near a dangerous shoal, called the Saints; where the devil puts many a tit bit to be preserved by them just as a pastry-cook preserves sweetmeats.”

Poll.—“ Mercy on me! and was St. Patrick amongst them?”

John.—“ Yes, they were all there; Patrick, Andrew, George, and Stephen.”

* “ And almost wept my eyes out,” &c. Shews Hibernia's deep concern for passing the Catholic bill.

Poll.—“ But was it bad weather Jack ?”

John.—“ Aye, quite a storm,* and thick as butter milk.”

Poll.—“ It was very foolish to run so fast in thick weather. Well how did you get clear.”

John.—“ At first we began to throw every thing overboard in the utmost confusion, until an old pilot observed we should make her too light to carry sail and ordered them to collect what they could from the ends of the ship, and put it in the centre if they meant to save her.”

Poll.—“ Gramerci, I fear you have had a losing voyage of it; yet I hope you brought me a rosary from Rome, agreeable to your promise at parting.”

* “ Aye quite a storm.” Much discontent prevailed at that time both at home and abroad; and large sums of money were thrown away to appease the clamours of foreign allies who did not deserve any.

A Sailor's Dream.

John.—“ Yes, my honey, I did ; but in the height of our danger, the box that contained it, was thrown overboard by mistake, with several others of great value.”

Poll.—“ What, have you lost my rosary?—Oh, cruel ! cruel !—The jewel that I so wished to wear is gone !—Alas ! alas ! I am utterly undone ; all my pretty trinkets are lost—all the indulgencies for present errors, and pardons for past, are gone ; with eighteen quarantines cut off.* besides a———”
(*here she began to snivel.*)

John.—“ By the powers of Moll Kelly, they are lost indeed.”

Poll.—“ Ah ! ah ! ah !—careless asses, to throw away a casket of such immense value. Who were

* “ With eighteen quarantines cut off.” Here she confesses that had the bill passed, it would have been sooner than she expected.

they?—By what marks or numbers am I to them?"

John.—"Nay be not over inquisitive; you that my heart is tender, and that it bleeds from pathy whenever you are afflicted:—You know that I will disclose my secrets to you, as soon any woman on earth; but the secret you no quest of me is of such a particular trust, that male shall ever wrest it from me."

Poll.—"What do you fear to trust your s with me?—I hope you will not say that I wronged you; or that black is the white eye."

John.—"Right, my jewel; yet a pitcher tha often to the well, may get broke. Come, sup up, and we'll have another bowl. Here What-d'ye-call-um!"

Landlady.—"Did you call, sir?"

John.—"Yes; tip us a little more of the ture."

A Sailor's Dream.

Landlady.—“Cherry or raspberry, sir?”*

John.—“Both, by Jasus; and a quantum sufficient of usquabaugh, to make up a trio in uno.”

Landlady.—“Directly, sir. There is no one in the metropolis who understands mixing liquors better than myself. I keep no adulterated spirits in this shop.”

John.—“Go to you prating fool,* and do not give us so much cheek music. Well, Poll, concerning

* “Cherry or raspberry, sir.” A great quantity of cordial was administered in those days to strengthen the constitution, and good blankets provided to keep people warm.

* “Go to ye prating fool,” &c. In the days of old, rhetoric was in high repute; and if a man was possessed of rhetoric he wanted nothing else; judgment and experience were disregarded; and the gaping audience, like people half-mad, always applauded him who talked fastest.

A Sailor's Dream.

this dream of yours; tell me what you did in the morning."

Poll—"I am sure you will laugh to hear it. By the weakness of a woman, I went to cunning Joe and got him to read the planets for me."

John.—"Ha! ha! ha! Well, Poll, and what did Joe discover in them?"

Poll.—"I think it would puzzle all the lawyers in Philadelphia to remember one half of it. At first he talked of a scheme in which there was an opposition among the superiors; then he talked of a trine, and of a quatile, but may I be quartered and anatomized if I knew what any of it meant."

* "I went to cunning Joe." A sarcasm on Joe's ignorance:

* "At first he talked of a scheme." A plan proposed by Mr. Pitt to bring about the Union, which the great men opposed.

A Sailor's Dream.

John.—“ Why the fellow was pretty right, I assure you, for there was an opposition among the superiors at that time in which Mars was ascendant ;* but the characters being arabic you could not understand them.”

Poll.—“ After this he talked of Jupiter and Satan, and about houses for the sun ; at which I bawled out ‘ Surely those houses are well insured from fire.’ ”

John.—“ That was a bright thought of your's, indeed.—And what said Joe to it ? ”

Poll.—“ Why he was very angry with me ; and screwing up his mouth like one sucking allum, he told me that the sun was eighteen degrees in Scorpio,†

* “ Mars was ascendant.” Martial Law.

† “ The sun was eighteen degrees in Scorpio.” The properest sign in the zodiac for inflicting punishment on such as were judged in Libra, and found guilty.

at the time my ascendant culminated; and as the superiors were in opposition at that time in the first degree of Virgo, and last degree of Aquarius, it denoted unto me a loss by water.*

John.—“ And a loss you have met; but I hope to have better luck next trip; yet as every thing in this life is uncertain, let us drink and drive care away.”

Poll.—“ With all my heart.”

John.—“ After you thought me drowned, did you not wish me a pleasant passage over Styx, for according to report Charon's boat is getting old and leaky.”

Poll.—“ Yes, I did pray most devoutly; and God take me if I ever went to church more reluctant in my life.”

John.—“ There is a strong sympathy between us in that respect; and I seldom pray myself, unless there be a real necessity for it.”

* *Essence of astrology.*

A Sailor's Dream.

Poll.—“Certainly not; but I suppose you had some fasting and praying* upon the occasion.”

John.—“Yes, my honey, a day for prayer was appointed, and the crew were ordered to attend; but when the preachers appeared among them, instead of the reverend doctors books of sermons, they brought a parcel of fiddles and fiddlesticks.”

Poll.—“Of fiddles say you?—What were your preachers fiddlers?”

John.—“They were not good fiddlers, or good pipers, although they attempted both.”

Poll.—“I have heard a story of one Nero, who played on his fiddle, while his capital was on fire; and your preachers put me in mind of him.”

John.—“Surely you jest, Poll; say rather, that they imitated king David, who used to sing psalms to his harp”

* “I suppose you had fasting and praying.” *Addresses from the protestants.*

Poll.—“ Imitated the devil you mean.”

John.—“ Well have it your own way; I grant the men are good patterns enough for the devil to cut out by; but you shall hear a prayer I made on the occasion.”

Poll.—“ Aye, let me hear it, for piety's sake.”

John.—“ By the piper who played before Moses, you shall hear it, and if it does not make your ears tingle, there is no health in you.”

Poll.—“ Well, begin, and do not turn up the whites of your eyes like a duck against thunder.”

*John Bull's Prayer after losing the
Rosary, &c.*

ACCEPT, most gracious sovereign, the thanks of thy unworthy servant, whom thou hast saved; and by frustrating the councils of evil doers, and throwing away some useless lumber, hast brought a noble

A Sailor's Dream.

vessel through the storm, and saved a gallant crew from slavery.

I thank thee, O king, for opening the eyes of thy faithful subjects, and for shewing them the dangers which lurked in secret, to destroy such as put not their trust in thee.

I thank thee, O king, for thy loving mercy towards the protestants; and for shewing them by this miraculous escape, how dependant they are on thee for intelligence, while navigating the Britannia through dangerous oceans.

I thank thee, O king, for dispelling the gloom that hung over their heads, and for shewing them how a tide of opinion had drawn the ship from her true course, where she would have foundered among the Saints, had not thy intrepidity* and correction of errors saved her.

* "Had not thy intrepidity," &c. Rejection of the *Catholic bill*.

A Sailor's Dream.

Accept, O king, the grateful acknowledgments of thy servants for all thy care and kindness towards them; and may thy healing virtues give vigour to those who are lame; and when thou hast cleansed such as are corrupted,* O may they never act like those ungrateful lepers which our blessed Saviour washed in the Pool of Bethsaida. *Amen.*

Poll.—“Is that all of it?”

John.—“Yes, my honey; and a great deal it is for one of my profession. Here, Mrs. Thing-a-mighty.”

Landlady.—“Did you call, sir?”

John.—“Yes, Ma'am, I want you to change me an Abram,† because d'ye see, I mean to make a guess warp of it.‡”

* “Such as are corrupted.” Ungrateful allies, who like vipers will sting the generous bosom that gives them life.

† “To change me an Abram.” A bank note.

‡ “A guess-warp.” Means to pay and go.

A Sailor's Dream.

Landlady.—Directly, sir."

John.—" Allons, tout sweet."

Poll.—" Now, my joy, let us depart.

John.—" With all my heart ; make sail and lead
the way,

And steer directly for old Oakum Bay ;*

" See that your moorings are all tight and good,

" Do not run foul of fire-ships in that road."

This said, methought Hibernia gave a scream,

At which I wak'd, and found the whole a dream.

" Oakum Bay is a place of ill-fame at Portsmouth, where seamen too frequently resort.



A

NOBLE PASSENGER.

"Then let me know wherein my pen has wrong'd

"Him; if it does him right, then he has wrong'd

"Himself; if he be free, why then my taxing like

"A wild-goose flies, unclaim'd by any one."

SHAKESPEARE.

SHALL cobling bards, or cobling biblipols,*

Who handle scissars, needles, knives, and awls,

Paste, stich, and vamp old volumes with impunity

And pass them off as new on the community?

* "Shall cobling bards," &c. Modern paper-mongers who select valentines and love letters for the improvement of our youth, and by throwing rails over their *lascivious* ideas, pass among the mull

- Or folly's children,* blest, with fortune's ample,
 Upon the ores and gems of genius trample ;
 • Or boasting bards† with expectations big,
 The fertile fields of wealthy patrons dig,
 Or dolts‡ from the Parnassian peasantry,
 Live on the fruits of liberality,

titude as men of genius, and become janitors to the temple of the muses.

* "Or folly's children," &c. The patrons of caricaturists; fellows who spend large sums in shadowy exhibitions to ridicule the actions of our greatest heroes.

† "Or boasting bards," &c. Biographers and party poets, who gather up the shreds and patches of their patrons best sayings, out of which they make cloaks, skreens, and curtains, for their employers, and warm watch coats for themselves.

‡ "Or dolts," &c. Pantomimical architects and opera wrights; who erect magical palaces in the air elements, which dazzle our children's eyes for

A Noble Passenger.

While my ill-fated muse is doom'd to toil
In stony places, and a barren soil,
Where no sweet buds of bounty ever blow,
Or fruits of liberality e'er grow ;
Where sons and daughters of simplicity,
Receive the wages of duplicity,
From millitants, and obligated lords,
Who ready rhino pay—with ready words,
Heroes who hire with sterling politesse,
And pay their debts with current promises ;
In Kedar's tents, with such my muse has dwelt,
And all the pangs of disappointment felt.
Upon a day, a sad unlucky day,
As Dreadnought's noble ship, at Portsmouth lay,
Two fools of quality were sent on board,
To wit, the son and daughter of a lord ;

a night or two, and then, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision' they vanish, nor leave 'a wreck behind.'

A Noble Passenger.

The man a hero, chosen to command,
A broken regiment at Newfoundland ;
The lady left her family and house,
To be a sort of helpmate to her spouse ;
Some servants too, these folks of fashion had,
A valet he, and she a waiting maid.
Their passages were paid by government,
As I will tell by way of argument ;
In dark enigmas poets oft indite,
Rebusses some—and some acrostics write.

• “ Their passages,” &c. Whenever government contracts with a merchant to carry out stores, they claim the privilege of sending as many troops on board as the vessel can conveniently take, for which they pay in proportion to the length of the voyage, allowing the merchant fifteen pence a day for men and eleven pence three farthings for women, to supply such rations of food as the service allows, which this miserable colonel submitted to, and came on board on the terms of a common soldier.

A Noble Passenger

Trade being dull, our gallant ship, alas !
For this curs'd trip, a partial transport was ;
But so exceeding low the contracts ran,
That stores were shipp'd at one pound eight per ton,
And by a standing rule the transport board
The price of two tons freight for each allowed,
This gave those military heroes bold,
A claim to the soft lodgings of the hold ;
Yet say if lords and ladies noble souls
Must lay with common soldiers and base trulls ;
Or military moulds, refin'd by travel,
Be mix'd with mud, or trod on like coarse gravel ;
Shall cankers with court caterpillars breed
On common plants, like Egypt's locusts feed.
Forbid it ye disciples of society,
That folks of quality and notoriety,
Who pinch and gripe to save a little gold,
Should mess with common soldiers in a hold,
Or struggle in a sea of obligation,
Among the hungry sharks of expectation ;

A Noble Passenger.

The hero of this history was wiser,
This military hero was a miser,
A needy wretch, a miserable varlet,
As ever wore a uniform of scarlet ;
Yet I no quarrel with the man intend,
Abate him* that call'd bounty—he's a friend ;
Not one of those we term a friend in need,
Such notions in his noddle never breed ;
On rocky shores his frozen bounties lay,
Like snow on mountains in Siberia ;
Colder than merchants† who no payment see,
When credit moves within its apogee.
On him enlivening liberal suns ne'er smile,
Diffusing genial warmth o'er his cold soil ;

* " Abate him," &c. He was a professional friend in small matters which cost him nothing.

* " Colder than merchants," &c. It was an ill *office* to be his caterer, for whoever applied to him

A Noble Passenger.

Languid and dull, each virtue turns to vice,
Manures his thoughts, and feeds his avarice;
While those sweet flowers called tributary thanks,
Die in his mind like weeds on Lethe's banks.
Haste, haste, sweet muse, to quit this frigid zone,
And live in temp'rate climes, where bounty's sun
Enamels the green fruits of that fam'd tree
A needy bard calls generosity,
Whose spreading branches yield a friendly aid
To such as seek its shelter or its shade,
In whose asylum old Fidelity
Feeds on the fruits of liberality;
While ev'ry face a pleasing aspect wears,
And hopes rise in each mind like those full ears,
Which Pharoah saw in visions of the night,
And Joe's prophetic spirit brought to light.

for money received such looks as merchants give to
old debtors whose credits are stretch'd to their ut-
most degrees.

A Noble Passenger.

- " Think not this disappointment a design,
" Or that I meant to go without the wine,
" You saw my dear when I the order wrote,
" And heard the fellow's scruples on my note;
" Suspicious knave, he wanted money down,
" And all our cash you know was left in town;
" Oh ! hang these Jews, like whittings in a string,
" Let them like Haman, or curs'd Judas swing ;
" It seems as if old Nick had beat the rout,
" And sent a gale to drive the convoy out;
" Sad luck, sad fare, I never went to sea,
" Afflicted thus, alas ! O dear ! dear me !
" Procrastination is the thief of time ;
" Hay should be made when Sol is in his prime ;
-

detage ; nor was his language very different from Otway's Senator to his Aquilina. (See Venice Preserved.)

A Noble Passenger.

"Necessity's strong laws make old wives trot,
"I will have wine, if any can be got."
That fatal night and the ensuing day,
Off Lymington, the fleet at anchor lay;
And here, as if the furies had decreed,
Some imps of hell should hover round his bed,
By Fanny urg'd,* this hero went on shore,
For small additions to his little store:
Up here, down there, I saw this couple run,
No wine he sought, but sought the wine to shun;
Deaf to the present, to the future blind,
By avarice led, no wine vaults could he find,
Till Fanny's guardian angel brought them pat,
Against the gate† of Mrs. Oviatt.

* "By Fanny urg'd," &c. Many curtain lectures passed between this fair one and her lord; for she was young and generous, and despised the conduct of this avaricious nobleman.

† "Against the gate," &c. Mrs. Oviatt was a dealer in wines and spirituous liquors.

A Noble Passenger.

Ask not I pray* how human passions flow,
My meek instructive Muse will let you know,
How black Despair her colours laid to view,
How pain prepar'd them, and how Avarice drew;
Here Truth unviel'd behind a curtain slept,
While Falsehoed, led by shame, towards her crept;
Pale Fear upon the heels of Falsehood trod,
When Jealousy held up her ideal rod;
Pride followed these, in garments old and torn,
Then Envy, Anger, Hatred, and Scorn;
Extravagance was waited on by Folly,
And Indigence by moping melancholy;
Within the back-ground of his fancy stood,
Misfortune's seat, and Poverty's abode,

* "Ask not I pray," &c. The eye of Drednought's imagination saw this picture of the passions in procession, through the mind of his covetous hero.

A Noble Passenger.

Where aged heroes feel penury's storms,
 And alimony begs* in uniforms;
 Where Care consults with old Frugality,
 And Need divides her alms with Misery;
 Not fam'd Le Brun, or he who Lazarus drew,
 Could such disease of mind and body shew,
 As those we in old Avaro's picture view;
 No public dancers† on a market day,
 When merry beadles on their cat-gut play,
 Or weeping widows at an Irish wake,
 Could act like him, or half his howling make.

* "And alimony begs," &c. The idea of Bellisarius is here supposed to have crossed his fancy.

† "No public dancers," &c. It is the custom in many places to whip petty thieves about the town on a market day.

A Noble Passenger.

Expences, baillifs, lurking in each eye,
View'd Fanny's wants*—as ghosts of poverty.
Yet cease, sweet muse, to scourge him with your
 rods,
Or hunt him, Acteon-like, with his own dogs ;
Arouse him not with howlings of despair ;
Need's feeble cries affright his timid ear ;
Alarm him not with tales which may prove wrong,
Let hope's sweet rhetoric flow from your tongue ;
Talk not of sea-sick ladies wants in bed,
Or those choice things with which they should be
 fed,
But like the good Samaritan act kind,
And pour narcotics on his wounded mind ;

* " View'd Fanny's wants," &c. As several of her wants seem'd to him imaginary ones, whenever they appeared the shadows of poverty stalk'd after them.

A Noble Passenger.

Let thy swift fancy, like a stork on wing,
This feeble hero into harbour bring;
There he may dwell with fishermen and hogs,
And snuff the odourous scents from fish and fogs.
This said,* I saw blue Peter waving high,
Where eastern breezes fann'd the western sky;
A gun was fir'd, (the ships their anchors weigh'd)
Old Satire heard it, and the sound obey'd,
For joining gallant Dreadnought and his crew;
From Lymington towards St. John's they flew,
Became both nurse and doctor to this groupe,
And nourish'd them with tea and patent soup;

* "This said," &c. Blue Peter is a sea phrase for this flag. It is a blue field, with a white square in the middle; and when hoisted, denotes that all passengers and commanders of ships must repair on board.

A Noble Passenger.

Till Time* his forty-second glass turn'd o'er,
And mark'd the hour for them to go on shore ;
But here he found new miseries in life,
While seeking proper lodgings for his wife ;
One was too dear, another was too mean,
That too far off, and this not very clean :
A poet's fancy could distinctly hear
The sad complaints he breath'd in Fanny's ear ;
“ Bad luck, my dearest, in this filthy place,
“ Misfortune always joins me in the chace ;
“ They ask, my love, one guinea by the week,
“ And guineas are† the very things I seek ;

* “ Till time,” &c. The ship was forty and two days on her passage.

† “ And guineas are,” &c. Whoever quits England to live at Newfoundland must either want guineas or be very fond of them.

A Noble Passenger.

" Such solid terms are much too hard for me,
" We will stop here a day, or two, or three ;"
Then turning round towards his servant man,
His lessons on economy began ;
" Those half-starv'd hens remaining in yon coop,
" When once recovered of the pip and rouse,
" By getting a strange cock, as hens oft do,
" Will lay us eggs, and hatch us chickens too.
" The mustard, catsup, vinegar, and soy,
" The thyme, the balm, the sage, and cellery,
" The tripe, the eggs, the butter, and the cheese,
" With what remains of sugars, coffees, teas ;
" You must collect with more than common care,
" As all these artifices are very dear ;
" The empty bottles and the hampers save,
" Be vigilant and see we nothing leave."

At length, old Time, (the poet's constant friend,)
Assisted me this knave on shore to send ;
Where I survey'd him amongst great and small,
Seeking cheap bargains, and rejecting all ;

A Noble Passenger.

As Sterne within the coach-yard, view'd Dessein,
So this suspicious varlet views all men ;
Incapable himself of generous acts,
This shuffling hero every one suspects ;
Yet being nobly born, and nobly bred,
He knew all inclinations of the head ;
Could bend his body, move his hands and feet,*
In all the angles of court etiquette,
And promise ; not the eldest born of hell,
Unblushing, ever could deceive so well ;
For when the devil had betrayed Eve,
He blush'd† lest any should the act perceive ;
And tho' an open enemy to man,
With conscientious shame, slunk to his den,

* " Could bend his body," &c. He excelled Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant in *booing*.

† He blush'd," &c. See *Par. Lost*, Book IX.

A Noble Passenger.

While my stout hero (tho' a young beginner,)
Shew'd nothing of the saint—but all the sinner.
One day we met, and having made his bow,
He thus address'd me, " Well, sir, how are you ?
" When do you think of sailing for Quebec ?
" Are not these Newfoundlanders rather slack ?
" Is it for gold or silver that you wait ?
" Or do you take their paper for the freight ?
" 'Tis hard to tell where gold or silver rests,
" Unless in miser's bags or miser's chests.
" What are your notions of this clime and soil ?
" I fear if men* would live here they must toil ;
" Here's little earth to nourish corn when sown,
" And little sun to ripen it when grown.

* " I fear if men," &c. Whatever his abilities might be as a soldier in the field of battle, he differed widely from the Roman Fabius in agricultural knowledge.

A Noble Passenger.

" 'Tis wond'rous strange that during half the year,
 " Bright Sol scarce peeps thro' this thick atmo-
 phere,

" Perhaps you can* give reasons physical,

" Why fogs hang over us perpetual."

' Dear sir, I answer'd, (in a grave reply)

' Those questions are above philosophy ;

' Such primary causes are therein involv'd,

' As by no mortal wight can be resolv'd.

" Say first, of heav'n above, or earth below,

" What can we reason but from what we know ?

' There's no preceptress like necessity,

' Can teach a haughty mind humility :

* " Perhaps you can," &c. As Dreadnow
 had proved himself a philosopher in many instances
 as well natural as moral, our hero imagined him a
 to reveal the greatest secrets in nature.

A Noble Passenger.

'Tis true some hundreds on this gloomy shore,
Work hard, and yet are miserably poor,
But should I ever leave my native isle,
Or voluntary go into exile,
Not St. Helena, sleeping in the sun,
Should tempt me like the haven of St. John.
Then giving him my documents* to sign,
This careful hero read them line by line,
Not that in me he knavery could suspect,
But merely to observe they were correct;
For the unerring rules of service say
To transports owners can receive their pay,
Unless the victualling certificates
Bearing the numbers, qualities, and dates)

* "Then giving him my documents," &c. It is required by the Transport Board, that all masters of vessels carrying troops, should have their certificates signed by the commanding officer, before their accounts can be passed, &c.

A Noble Passenger

Be signed by leaders of the martial band,
Who write a strong and military hand.
With heavy eyes and a contracted brow,
Awhile he mutter'd accents soft and slow,
Then blythe as *allegro*, in quick-tim'd hum,
He cry'd "Sweet sir, I would pay for the rum
" We had of you, but government provide
" That soldiers shall with spirits be supplied;
" Survey these rations; hear, sir, what they say,
" To each man half a pint of rum per day."
Here his contracting muscles half unbrac'd;
The debt thus paid his fears were soon releas'd;
And from that sordid narrow point of view,
The last sketch of my passenger I drew;
Etch'd him in face, and etch'd him in profile,
The spheriod frown,* and the obliterated smile,

* "The spheriod frown," &c. The reader is here requested to consider this hero a round-head, and to

A Noble Passenger.

Upon east brass, engrav'd in bas-relievo,
A full-length likeness of this selfish hero.

call that line from his forehead to his chin a polar axis, and that from cheek to cheek an equatorial one. Now the man being no stoic, the least pressure of adversity would give him what the vulgar call a long face, but on a reverse, the form of his visage would change into what Newton calls obliterated or flattened at the poles.

MARINE ORATORS.

"ASK not* why I complain'd," said Tom Tarpaulin,
"Or swore so fast, or made so loud a bawling,
"When dragg'd by force away from lovely Sue,
"And put on board of a foul floating prison,
"Where armed centinels dreading dire misprision,
"Unsheathe'd their swords, and pointed them to
view."

* "Ask not," &c. Whoever sees a recruiting serjeant beating up for volunteers, and giving great bounties for soldiers, or hears mechanics in the dock yards in a state of sedition, and refusing to work unless their demands are complied with, must look upon seamen as vassals who inherit no right to the liberties of their country.

Marine Orators

I was no rebel, spy, or state detractor,
No robber, murderer, or malefactor,
“ Unfit to live on shore with other men ;
Then say why I am seiz'd and here confin'd ? ”
at this Jack Loyal, whose right eye was blind,
Said he would tell him, and Jack thus began :

Messmate, be patient, grieve not tho' impressed,
Or that your wife and children are distressed,
“ Within the confines of some house of labour ;
Where they will learn to spin, and weave, and sew,
While you hoist sails with Neptune's hardy crew,
To chase French pirates from your native harbour.

all sailors murmur at what statesmen plan'd,
hide when Britain's navy should be mann'd,
When Freedom calls for succour from her sons ?
bid it manhood,—loyalty forbid,
British seamen should on shore lay hid,
While tyranny like a stout pirate roams.

- " Then join those patriotic heroes, who
 " Quit father, mother, wife, and children too,
 " To fight the foes of their lov'd country ;
 " For what are children, or what's a wife,
 " What are relations, property, or life,
 " Compar'd with dear Britannia's liberty."
- " Avast !" cry'd Hatchway, (spitting out his quid)
 " I would splice freedom's cable with a fid,*
 " And clinch it† fast unto the ring of hope ;
 " But all the freedom British seamen boast,
 " Rides wind-bound on a rocky dangerous coast,
 " By a foul anchor,‡ and a rotten rope.

* " I would," &c. Fid is a piece of wood round and pointed, to splice cables and other ropes with.

† " And clinch it, &c. Clinch, a sea term fastening a cable to the ring of an anchor.

‡ " By a foul anchor," &c. Foul anchor is the cable gets entangled with other parts

Marine Orator.

British subjects, I should like to see,
landmen are indulged more than we ;
each partial conduct seems like double dealing .
and it not make all honest people stare,
the bold rustics brazen faces wear,
while we (from press-gangs) ours are concealing."

swelling on the cat-head musing sat,
when he sigh'd, and now he twirl'd his hat ;
Ben had never read the Rights of Man ;
sufficiently consoled himself with thinking,
while allowed with messmates to sit drinking,
tack'd the sweets of freedom from each can.

nates," said Ben, "'tis foolish to debate ;
amen here will better his estate,
reading books wherein no good is bound ;

so as to alter its true position, and render it

Marine Orators

“ The vessel where our British rights all lay,
“ Draws too much water for a shallow sea,
“ And would you madly run her fast aground?”*

* Here the boatswain's mate piped to breakfast; and it being a banyan day, they ran as hounds do, when the huntsman whistles them to their oatmeal stir-about, which mixture bears a strong resemblance to seamen's burgoo; and perhaps a better parallel for the *tout ensemble*, cannot be found in the catalogue of words.

Two Josephs in a Pit.

OME time ago,* no matter where or when,
saw a couple of plain honest men;
one toil'd on land, the other toil'd at sea,
to raise the fortunes of Britannia :
here ev'ry want and ev'ry wish supply'd,
and felt the glow of patriotic pride ;
to labour wearied rustics in the field,
or foes, or hardships, caus'd our tars to yield ;

* " Some time ago," &c. This piece was written when a tax of 1½d. was laid on rough woollen mittens without fingers, such as were worn only by seamen or shepherds.

Two Josephs in a Pit.

Britannia's cause was all the law they knew,
 In her defence alike their swords they drew;
 The aid of hir'd forces they despis'd,
 And ridicul'd* the powers we subsidiz'd.
 About this time a dæmon vex'd the nation,
 A Janus-faced goblin call'd Taxation,
 Whose eagle eyes the rustic's views commanded,
 And claws seiz'd† part of all that Dreadnought
 landed;
 Pick'd holes in all they wore, or drank, or eat,
 And snatch'd a pudding from the orphan's plate.

* "And ridicul'd," &c. It was not the giving of money, but the giving it away that grieved them.

† "And claws seiz'd," &c. Alluding to the Manifest act, and several new duties about that time.

‡ "And snatch'd a pudding," &c. To expose the rapacity of taxation, a caracaturist delineated two officers entering a house, and taking the pudding off a table.

Two Josephs in a Pit

days of yore, the ministers, I'm told,
ould lay this fury by the charms in gold
t thro' neglect of some, in latter days,
o neither practic'd proper means or ways;
hood-wink'd all the eyes of vigilance,
d humbug'd men of long experience ;
: landlord, tenant, miller, butcher, grazier,
e mason, joiner, blacksmith, painter, glazier,
: comber, spinner, weaver, dyer, taylor,
: bankrupt, bailiff, lawyer, justice, jailor ;
these she clapper claw'd from head to heel,
mp'd things,* and acted like a very de'el ;
m. auctioneers† and brokers seiz'd a booty,
d scar'd the poor excisemen on their duty.

“ And stamp'd things,” &c. About this time
stamp act took place.

“ From auctioneers, &c. Auction duty, duties
premiums, &c.

Two Josephs in a Pit.

Drew penny pieces* from the volunteers,
 And pilfer'd farthings† from poor garretteers,
 Nay, glean'd‡ a second tythe from every crop,
 Reap'd in a wine vault, brewhouse, warehouse, shop;
 At every avenue I meet this hag,
 In coach,§ or cart, or riding on my nag,
 Or if || accompanied by honest Tray,
 Where some pedestrian pursuit leads the way;
 Or closeted with instruments and books,
 Or sleeping, ||| she on all my actions looks;

* "Draw penny pieces," &c. Voluntary contributions for carrying on the war.

† "And pilfer'd farthings," &c. Single sheet and pamphlet duties.

‡ "Nay glean'd," &c. Ten per cent on income.

§ "In coach," &c. Wheel carriage, and horse duty.

|| "Or if," &c. Duty on dogs.

||| "Or sleeping," &c. New window tax.

Two Josephs in a Pit.

Wheree'er I turn, whatever way I roam,
This watchful, active, busy, thievish gnome;
Keeps pace with all, sees every man's pursuit,
As omnipresence were her attribute;
How then could Hodge escape her vigilance,
Or Dreadnought steer a course to save his pence.
Her disproportion'd, pointed, iron, claw,
Her brazen beak, and all-devouring maw,
Destroyed the sinews of economy,
And starv'd the children of industry;
To clothe and feed her naked, hungry brood,
She took the subject's fleece, skin, flesh, and blood;
The day was cold, the fields were clad in snow,
And rustic boys their frozen fingers blew,
When Dreadnought for the hosier's bent his way,
To buy a pair of mittens fit for sea;
But e'er into the door his nose could pop,
He saw one Hodge, a shepherd, in the shop,
This was no common contrast, but you know
'Tis choice and chance that regulates below.

Two Josephs in a Pit.

Hodge having choose a pair of home-spun yarn,
To suit rough work, and keep his fingers warm,
Pull'd out his leathern budget in a thrice,
And put down sixpence as the usual price,
Then taking up his crook to go away,
Quite thunder-struck he heard the dealer say,
" Dear Sir, you have three half-pence more to pay." }
" For what?" cried honest Hodge, in discontent ;
" For a new tax, sir, made by parliament ;
" You see this little stamp, and be assured
" No one dare take them from you, thus secured.
" Rot it," quoth Hodge, " that paper is but small,
" A farthings-worth would make one for them all."
" That's true," said Dreadnought, gaping with sur-
prize; [eyes,
" How long has this been, pray?—For blast my
" If I e'er heard a word of it till now."
But e'er the dealer could inform him how,
He bellow'd out " Let's see another pair ;
" What have you got in them same papers there?"

Two Joseph's in a Plt.

" These, sir, are ladies' gloves, and gentlemen's,
" Of cotton, silk, or kids, or charmois skins."
" Well, let them lay," quoth Dreadnought, " they
 won't suit;
" A dog-watch * at the helm would wear them out,
" When Boreas blows upon the Russian seas ;
" I want strong mits, and not such gloves as these ;
" Lord d—n them all as black as butter milk,
" Why do they tax the wool more than the silk ;
" But since 'tis so, here prythee take my all,
" I hop'd to get a half-pint and a roll ;
" But ————— † however, 'tis no matter,
" Nor is it the first time I've dined on water."

* " A dog-watch," &c. The time from four to six, and from six to eight in the evening, is called the dog-watch by seamen.

† " But —————," &c. Here Dreadnought found a very bad word arising, but to shew that he

Two Josephs in a Bit.

Then lifting his tobacco box's lid,
He saw Moll Thompson's mark,* and turn'd his
quid ;

And here the dealer, like a loyal man,
Addressed them both, and in this strain began ;
“ Misguided plebians, often meet stern fate,
“ By making observations on the state,
“ When it is certain that their cause is lost,
“ As that the waters are congeal'd by frost ;
“ But as you both appear plain simple men,
“ I will give you the best advice I can,

was acquainted with high life ; like Lady Townly he gave a great gulp and swallowed it. (See the Provoked Husband.)

* “ He saw,” &c. This phrase is very common among seamen, when they want to express emptiness.

Two Josephs in a Pit.

- “ To match the whole of them in doing harm ;
“ Let Hodge leave keeping sheep to till a farm ;
“ There will he plant, and breed, and plough, and
 sow,
“ And three-fold profits take on all that grow ;
“ While sailors who no alternatives have,
“ Should take a bounty, and their country serve.”

SPOILED CHILD.

“ HERE, Billy, Billy ; this way, dearest Billy,

“ Let Mamma try if she can find its dilly :

“ I have it. Oh, the miniature toy

“ Of papa’s likeness, and of mamma’s joy ;

“ A model of the type that first began

“ The frontispiece and title-page of man.

“ Come straddle Billy, straddle Billy, straddle,

“ Piddle a swidge, and after in it paddle ;

“ Strain, deary, strain.—Why are you so perverse ?

“ Ah, naughty boy, to vex so kind a nurse.

“ Look at your darling cousins, George and Fred,

“ And pretty little Henry and Ned ;

A Spoiled Child.

- " They never cry for other children's dollies,*
" Or finger Fanny's plaything, or Miss Polly's ;
" Or spill their sugar'd milk, or sugar'd sops,
" Upon their playmates pin-a'-fores, or slops.
" What is its mamma cruel, cruel, cru— ?
" Yes, yes, they do, they do, they do, they do.†
" They are all careless, wasteful, naughty boys,
" And spend their new year's gifts on painted toys.
" Dear, bless me, how the little urchin sobs,
" With pride its agitated bosom throbs.
" Oh ! jealousy, thou envious, subtle pest,
" To shed your influence on this tender breast.
" Ah ! dearest, sweetest, loveliest, do not cry,
" Let mamma suck the sorrow from each eye ;
" Say shall not Jack and Billy buy a cake,
" The largest that old Stephen's workmen bake ?
" Aye, that they shall ; and so shall George and Fred,
" And Poll, and Bess, and Henry and Ned ;

* Taken from some minutes in Britannia's nursery book.

† *Hugging him.*

A Spoiled Child.

At this he put his finger in his eye,
And for the whole of it began to cry ;^{*}
The peccant humours flow'd till he grew sick,
Convulsive habits made the bantling kick,
Which made Britannia yearn to see her darling
With tears bedewed upon its back lay sprawling
And lest the brat should bellow till he choak'd,
Her promises to Jackey she revok'd ;
And told him, whether he had pies or tarts,
Or cakes, or custards, Bill should have three pa

• Vide taxo, ab taxato, tomo cento, cap mil
nium.

A

SERENADER.

AT the sound of my violiacello,

Mary Ann lifts her head from the pillow,

And her heart beats about like a billow,

While my spirits are all in a thrillo ;

And I shake like an aspin or willow,

Lest with grief she poor Frederic killo.—D. C.

A Serenader.

Come, Caro, come, Caro-ma meo,
 To the arms of your own cecisbeo;*
 Avouzf fa-me, ou so—; if ou fre-o,
 I'll feed you with toast, and with tea-o,
 When wrapp'd in the folds of my gre-o,†
 We resemble a lamb and a leo.

If my darling was shut in a cloister,
 With lutes and with flutes I would boister,
 And pour forth symphonic moisture,
 Thro' a hautboyan tube to rejoice her,
 As a parent my dearest I'll foister,§
 If she opens her lips like an oyster.

My angel, my cherub, my croney,
 My Hebe, my Helen, my honey,
 Attend to a poor simpletony;

* A cecisbeo is an allowed lover in Italy.

† "Avouzf," &c. Are you hungry, dry, or cold.

‡ Gre-o, or Grego. Sea phrase in Italian for great coat.

§ This word is both concise and elegant; expres-

▲ Serenader.

Who brings you his bags and his money,
Tho' his servants and creditors dunne,
Or spou-se or parents should groany.

Can a lady so loving and loyal,
Her paramour put to the trial?
Oh! forgive! Oh! forget, one denial,
Of a lover so generous and royal;
Let the bell-men your equipage cry all,
My patentee brokers shall buy all.

Then suffer no rude hand to meddle,
With the fur of my holiday saddle,
Nor be tempted to swim or to paddle,
Where curly-tail'd noisy drakes waddle,
Lest the acids of impure treadle,
Turn the yolks of your eggs into addle.

sing two meanings, viz. to suckle, or to wean, as circumstances might require; and the little twist it received while making, intitles it to a place in the court *glossary*.

A Serenader.

When I think of your teeing and toying,
Your pushes and blushes decoying,
Or the *je ne sçai quoi* of enjoying,
All touches from other are cloying,
With you the soft moments employing,
Is better than armies destroying.

Your eyes, and the arrows of Cupid,
Have made me superlative stupid,
In a mystical baldric I'm looped,
By bawds and by bullies I'm duped,
Or with pimps and with cullies am grouped,
Till by clowns and by citizens whooped.

RUSSIAN CENTINEL.

SOME write of fairies, fables, allegories,
Of haunted towers, and enchanted stories,
Or monstrous giants, with three frightful heads,
More famed than sons of Titan for their deeds,
Or bloody goblin, or shaggy elf,
That breaks its prison when the clock strikes twelve
Strange tales which swell the penny pamphlete size,
And make young readers tremble with surprize;
While I, unskill'd in those mysterious lays,
String a rough harp, and modern heroes' praise.
Hail Cronstadt,* princely port, 'tis mine to tell
How happy and secure your natives dwell,

* "Hail Cronstadt," &c. Cronstadt is the name of an arsenal, situated at the mouth of the river *Neva*.

A Russian Centinel.

Surrounded by the Neva's rolling waves,
And guarded by a host of armed slaves.
Thy mole to which so many ships resort,
Is well defended by a noble fort ;
Five hundred heavy cannon planted round,
At once protect and ornament its mound.
'Tis mine to praise the various discipline
That through your navy and your army shine ;
To give heroic worth heroic fame,
And please men with the whistling of a name.
But surely times are altered much of late,
Since foreign politics disturb'd your state,
Since that bold enterprizing musquetteer,
(Whom Fate ordain'd to be an emperor)
Gain'd such complete dominion o'er your master
To make him lock his gates and doors much fast
And place in every avenue of the wall,
A watch-box and an armed centinel.

A Russian Centinel.

or on* that fatal evening at Tilsit,
Then Bonaparte threw out his spacious net,
He caught† two gudgeons equal to his wishes,
And smil'd to see them struggle in its meshes.
Before that fellow brought them to submission,
And fill'd their foolish ears with foul suspicion,
Your noblemen and merchants liv'd at ease,
And Englishmen might sh—t where'er they please,
But now the prying varlets pine and grieve,
If any loose a point without their leave.
One day by strong necessity I was led
Beneath the roof of an ambrosial shed,

* "For on," &c. By this our author supposes that at the treaty of Tilset, Buonaparte drew his sword, and obliged the childish Emperor of Russia, to swear any oath he proposed, after the manner of Hamjlear to his son Hannibal.

† "He caught," &c. Alexander and Constantine

A sort of cloister, near the secret seat
Where priestesses of Cloacina wait,
Where humble votaries round her temple bend,
And sinners with meat offerings attend.
Ten thousand scented shrines adorn'd this bow'r,
I saw their various forms, and felt their pow'r;
This urg'd my speed, and prompted by my zeal
To offer largely, yet the gift conceal;
And that it might be done in secret too,
Devoutly stoop'd, my labours to pursue;
The work began, an altar soon I rear'd,
In which no sounds of metal tools were heard.
But in my worship's ardor, he it known,
A soldier came—and drove me off the throne:
This Muscovite, this sacrilegicide,
Begirt in all the pomp of martial pride,
Revil'd my rites, and spurn'd my altar round,
Till scarce a vestige of it could be found;
Like Moses when the golden calf he broke,
(In which the Israelites such pleasure took)

A Russian Centinel.

He rear'd a harquebus with deadly hate,
And forc'd me to a shameful vile retreat.
My breeches down, impeded much my pace,
And gave the foe advantage in the race ;
'To fly was vain, and vainer to engage
A man so arm'd with metal and with rage,
Which made me try what bribery would do,
And from my pocket* five copees I drew ;
At touching these he granted my request,
To sit at leisure, and to s—t at rest.
Yet who dare say the Russian suck'd this vice
From that lean hag, old mother Avarice,
Or imitated some my muse can trace,
Who take large sums, and honesty disgrace ;

* “ And from my pockets, &c. Five copees is about seven farthings.

o

A Russian Centinel.

Sly rogues possessing implements of wit,
To dig out millions from Britannia's pit ;
Or that a fee would stop his eye or ear,
When any bold insulting foe drew near.
He was not* like a smuggling salvanic,
Who takes your fee, and feels a conscious panic ;
A child rear'd on the plains of Muscovy,
Will never suck the breasts of bribery.
Be warn'd by these, ye speculating crew,
Who in this town commercial game pursue,
And giddy tars, who in the suburbs cruize,
Avoid the pot-ash,† and the custom-house,
For Gallia's former generals of late
Have laid such heavy taxes on this state,

* "He was not," &c. Salvanic is the name of a custom-house officer in Russia.

† "Avoid," &c. Pot-ash is a sort of prison ship in which disorderly seamen are punished.

A Russian Centinel.

They take those ships which navigate their floods,
And seize on Briton's bodies and their goods,
While officers of custom or the sword,
Lay tributary* taxes on each t—d.

• “Lay tributary,” &c. The key of this satire being lost, I am desired to give notice, that whoever has found it, and will return it to the printer, shall be honourably mentioned in the Heroad.—EDITOR.

CRITIC'S ORATION.

WE critics (in the commonwealth of letters)
 Adjudge prose works, blank verse, and common
 metres ;

'Tis we correct the poetaster's song,
 And tell him what's too short, and what's too long;
 Or when the line moves quick, or when it halts,
 We number, weigh, and measure all its faults.
 Hey-day, we cry, what trash !—this poet's mad !
 His rhymes are incorrect, and reasons bad ;*

* All things are governed by number, weight, and
 measure

A Critic's Oration.

Like those in Mother Goose and Cinderella,*
Vamp'd up from shreds of leather and prunnella;
By laughter (a poor idiot from her birth)
Who passes for the daughter of true mirth:
The reptile notions in such authors brains,
Resemble insects bred in woods and plains;
They corrupt solid sense (reflection's food)
And mar fair truth, as worms mar corn and wood.
These dunces study not the poet's rules,
Laid down by Horace in the muses schools:
They invent axioms metaphysical,
To prove that sense is immaterial;†

* Popular entertainments among the children of Gotham.

† These authors explode common sense for the same reason that atheists explode revelation, that the puppets of their creation may have entries and exits, free from every rational embarrassment.

A Critic's Oration.

If-wit's weak majors want a strong defence,
They send a minor guard of impudence;
Like that mad bard who wrote upon the sea,*
Yet swore he penn'd his songs in Attica.
"Taste, sirs," he cried, "my salt of Hippocrene,
"But mark me, sirs, it was only sal-marine."
"These would-be bards, these simple shallow clowns,
"Scarce know that verbs are governed by nouns;
"That nouns have cases for each perfect tense,
"And are the roots of each verbs proper sense;
"In short these heavy stupid plagiarists,
"Are weak, vain, sluggish, monosyllabists;
"Their it! me! ye! you! thou! as seeds they
sow!
"Whence he! she! we! it! they! like nettles
grow;

* Author of the Heroad, Son of Commerce, &c.

A Critic's Oration.

- " Whose savage natures turn the muses sick,
" And sting Pegasus till they make him kick.
" A poet, sirs, should imitate a bee,
" And extract thoughts as it extracts honey ;
" His measures just and regular should meet
" As the bees cells, and flow as full and sweet,
" Till by a chemic process in his mind,
" Wit is drawn out, and judgment well refin'd,
" Or analiz'd and separated so
" That each compotent part is brought in view,
" To shew where oils with acids most are mixt,
" And where they're volatile, and where they're
 fixt.
" Tho' some strong sal-marine* will cure meat,
" Its too scorbutic, sirs, for us to eat ;
" Our stomachs are so weak they can digest,
" No food but what poetic fires have drest ;
-

* Faulkner's Shipwreck.

A Critic's Oration.

And tho' earth guards the roots of herbs and tre
" Or husks protect the nuts, and beans, and peas
" While every grain, by nature's kindly law,
" Is cloath'd with chaff, and suckl'd through a straw;
" Yet we affirm that poet's flowers and fruits,
" Should have no husks,* or rind, or leaves, or roots;
" Then rise up garretteers, and in your attics
" Read chemistry and study pneumatics;
" Draw spirit out of air by distillation,
" And essences of oxid and phlogiston,†
" Explain the qualities of gas poetic,
" And heal the poison'd tongue of every critic:

* However fond of essences of this sort our critics may be, they are as offensive to the ear of a good reader as the perfumes of a pastry-cook's laboratory are to his olfactory nerve.

† Satire on those highly rectified works which vaporate into air.

A Critic's Oration.

- “ Next search new regions, precipices, dens,
“ Fields, forests, vallies, meadows, moors, and fens,
“ For blooms of flowers, and essences of thyme,
“ To form sweet words, and work them into rhyme ;
“ And when from making honey you relax,
“ Like us mould toys, and shew your skill in wax.”

A

Poet rebuking the Critics.

SAY, mad-brain'd critics,* what the devil ails ye?

Why with such fury my chaste muse pursue?

The timid maid with falt'ring accents hails ye,

Lest with a poison'd pen ye mar this too.

* "Say mad-brain'd," &c. As I am not acquainted with your mode of hunting after game, is impossible for me to do it the justice it deserves; nevertheless, I will venture to say, that if you had lived when Pope wrote the *Essay on Criticism* that your hobbies would have beat Dennes and (Mixon's asses, and given you a claim to the high prizes in the *Dunciad*:

A Poem rebuking the Critics.

Twice sod simplicities, why all this quibbling,

On improprieties* of doth and do?

They must be fools who on such words sit scribbling,

Or critics just the size and shape of you.

* "On improprieties," &c. You tell me in your private remarks on my Imitation of Gray's Elegy, that the verbs doth, do, &c. may be used in pieces which are purely burlesque, but never in those of a serious cast; yet I hope your assertions are not true, for if they be, I shall not read the psalms with that awe and veneration they demand, seeing those burlesque expressions doth and do, so often recur in them. What could the sacred writers mean by introducing expressions into our church service, contrary to the critical standard of orthography? Really it puzzles me to account for this; and I would give a pound of the best tripe in Whitechapel to have the matter cleared up. However, if the language in the psalms be burlesque, then religion is burlesque, salvation is burlesque, heaven is burlesque, hell is burlesque, and all therein contained is burlesque; from which atheistical and duncical notions good Lord deliver us.

A Poet rebuking the Critics.

Whose little souls,* the learned Samian tells,
Once animated maggots, worms, and flies,
Which bred in water-closets, vaults, and wells,
Or crawled in charnel-houses and foul styes ;

* " Whose little souls," &c. It was a fortunate circumstance for Mr. Gray, that his fine Elegy I received the sanction of the world, before your perusal of it ; for had you been critics when he wrote his ' swallow's twitterings,' and ' cock's clarion,' would have shared the fate of my ' bellowing bull' and barking dogs,' seeing one is no more sonorous natural than the other, although an excellent help-me in the imitations of him. The reason why I cannot see the beauty of my figures is, because you are unacquainted with rustic life ; but quit your confined abodes, those garrets which smell so strong of the lamp, and retire into the country awhile, and you will see a natural exhibition of the characters draw. Hence it will follow that a city is not a good soil to rear critics in, for while they are studying the grammars, the volume of nature lays neglected, *all their knowledge is derived from printers, po*

A Poet rebuking the Critics.

Thence transmigrated into efts and newts,
Or horned snails, or tadpoles, toads, and frogs,
Then by gradation mov'd in other brutes,
As weasels, ferrets, pole-cats, badgers, hogs.

From these, thro' Pythagorians secret passes,
(Who dare dispute* the doctrine of sound ethics;)
They animated sheep, and goats, and asses,
Till humanized, they liv'd in things nam'd critics.

painters, and players, which, at best, is only a secondary sort of knowledge; yet will these fellows, these asses, elves, idiots, oafs, and urchins, stand up as judges in the great republic of letters, while their real characters are beadles, jailors, and hangmen.

* "Who dare dispute," &c. No wit is natural that is not governed by judgment. Judgment is a centre of gravity to wit; it gives it laws, and regulates its motions; but the orbit a critic's wit moves in is so very elliptic, that no man can discover either

A Poet rebuking the Critics.

A set of proud, conceited, empty fools,*
 Whose spongy, vapoury, tainted accusations,
 Floating on envy's agitated pools,
 Effect the bubbles of men's reputations;

of its fogii, or tell what phenomena it most resembles. It is not like Borealis, being neither bright or lofty; nor like a comet, because it has no train; if, therefore, your wit resembles any thing, it is that phenomenon called a Will o' th' Wisp; which being produced from foul vapours and ignited by the electric fluid, will often lead unwary travellers astray, and then return to stinking vapour again.

* The best account I ever saw of you, is given by satire in the Spectator, that with a little modelling runs as follows:—"Falsehood was the founder of their family, and the father of Nonsense, (both of whom I often whipped while usher at the muses school.) As Nonsense grew up, he fixed his lascivious eyes upon Phrenzy, whom he soon married; and in less time than it ought to have happened in, she brought him a son, who was fool positive, and heir

A Foot rebuking the Critics.

Whose sprat remarks for want of salt are rotten,
And smell like filthy reptiles bred in blocks,
Whose wit is thinner than a herring shotten,
That wastes its spawn by casting it on rocks.

If I want grammar, with its moods and tenses,
As they affirm in pitiful rebukes,
I here affirm that they have lost their senses,
And are poor objects worthy of St. Lake's.

to all his father's property. When this misbegotten knave arrived at a certain age, he was contracted to a Miss Laughter, and begat a son who was fool superlative, seeing he inherited every quality for which his great progenitors were remarkable." Such was the description that Satire gave of your origin, but as he set not his mark there, I will do it for him, by cloathing the whole groupe in motley caps, and stamping fool on their foreheads.

A Poet rebuking the Critics.

Then haste, sweet muse, and bid your forest rangers
Bring skins of porcupines and male hedge-hogs,
We will be civil to them, being strangers,
And manufacture night-caps for their logs.

From nurse's skin* cut out the loops and tassels,
Dive deep and gather sea-eggs for the buttons,
With nettles bind them up in little parcels,
And send them to the house of Mr. D—tt—n's.

* As nature has sent our critics into the world with such weak heads, it would be cruelty in me to let their bald pates want covers; I, therefore, with the assistance of my muse, have contrived some caps of an elastic nature, that will fit either round heads or flat heads. The materials they are composed of, are of the best quality, with appropriate buttons, loops, and tassels, and the patterns were taken from caps worn by Messrs. Merriman; so that I doubt not of their fitting to a T. I have also contrived small

A Poet rebuking the Critics.

This done ascend,* and in your airy attics,
 Proclaim the virtues of poetic gasses ;
 Mount on Pegasus, study pneumatic's;
 And shew the world—that critics are mere asses

bells to hang on their noses, that whenever their eyes are too weak to perceive the beauties in the Heroad, by bobbing their noses against them, these bells will discover where they lay ; yet should their infirmities be such as to have lost all seeing, hearing, and smelling, to try their powers of taste, I have sent comfits of a hundred different sorts, wrapped up in verses of nonpareil poetry.

• “ This done,” &c. On examining your remarks I found, that neither poetry nor prose would balance the account between us ; for on the debit side you have the following articles, viz. sublimity, beauty, delicacy, grace, excellence, and magnificence, rich as the mines of Potosi ; and on the credit side, nonsense, incoherence, melancholy, stupidity, and discordance, like the Brayings of Southey's ass. Now however rich in sounds the braying of Southey's ass

A Poet rebuking the Critics.

Then stooping downward, choose a middle way,
To deal with them as brother traders do ;
And since with cash this debt you cannot pay,
The modern rules* of bartering pursue.

may be, when assisted by those rare performers, you mention, viz. Coleridge's Lyre, Rosa Matilda's Lute, Wordsworth's Airs, and the Cobler's Songs, it is impossible for them to balance the mines of Potosi ; in consequence of which I have contrived a method of paying you by barter that is equal to cash from a common poet.

"The modern rules," &c. It would be well if our booksellers could balance their accounts as easily, for some of them have been shamefully imposed upon by your puffing, and have bought mere dross of lead for mercury, with which they hoped to salivate the town, and cure it of dullness ; but the poor fellows were egregiously deceived, for the devil a grain of mercury is there in any composition of *your's* between Bow Bridge and Hyde-Park Corner.

A Poem rebuking the Critics

For rotten eggs, for pillories, and stocks,
And hints on penitential castigatings ;
Give strong palm oil* to 'noint their lousy locks,
And supple jacks to aid their ambulatings.

* "Give strong palm oil," &c. If this recipe will not cure the town of dullness, it will purge it of criticism, and keep the poets out of debt, for by administering it in strong doses, it would have as good an effect upon the heads of our critics, as Hercules's club had on those of the Hydra.

PENITENT POET.

IN former days, when Alfred (surnam'd Great)
Reign'd over Britain's rude unpolish'd state,
He made a law for each wild reprobate,
 Trial by jury ;
Lest poor offenders met too hard a fate
 From judge's fury.

Next it a noble law call'd Magna Charta,
Was made by British barons strong and hearty,
Whose shining armour scar'd the slavish party :
 Ambition led,
And seal'd great freedom's passports by a treaty,
 At Runamede.

To make these royal statutes permanent,
And give great Freedom's children true content,

A Penitent Poet.

In full assembly, and with full assent,

One Habeas Corpus,

Like a strong ally, his assistance lent,

Against Rotum Custos.

Those were the days when Wit was in his prime,

When long-nos'd satirists, in prose and rhyme,

Held up the age and body of the time,

Before Truth's mirror,

Or told the story of a great man's crime,

Devoid of terror.

Then satire analyz'd the people's actions,

And pulverized the deeds of party factions,

Or in retorts extracted fine reflections,

From Olum Gammon.

For candidates at general elections,

And slaves of Mammon.

Then Poet's dare tell truth, and shame the devil,

But honesty in these days is a foible,

Falsehood is perjury, and truth is libel,

A Penitent Poet.

Hence offsprings numb,
Write charitable sermons from the Bible,
For deaf and dumb.

One day, old Freedom, of his statutes jealous,
Advised* two or three stout valiant fellows,
To ask how several had escap'd the gallows ;
But being alarmed,
He chang'd his name,† and prov'd a poor zealous,
Rogue reformed.

Yet some of us, like maniacs still plod on,
And in enigmas tell when laws are trod on ;
For since the catch-poles laid their pickled rods on
Our bare posteriors,
In rebus or charade we wink or nod on
Thievish superiors.

* " Advis'd," &c. The editor and printer of the Independent Whig.

† " He chang'd his name," &c. The word freedom, when transposed, reads reformed.

A Penitent Poet.

Some men* there are, who while they centry keep,
O'er Britain's dough, and view the swelling heap,
By Satan tempted, from the mass will nip

A mod' rare batch,

Yet thro' the polish'd scales of justice slip,
Without a scratch.

And some I know buy fuel for the oven,
Sly knaves who would deceive old Nicky cloven,
Who day by day a thousand bavins shove in,
To the amount

By precedented practice always proving
A just account.

Much I could tell you, far extend these lines,
On placemen's full-ear'd crops, and fatted kine,
Or tolls on porter, perry, spirits, wines,

If it was safe,

But as 'twould subject me to heavy fines,
I'll mar this leaf.

* "Some men," &c. Heroes of peculating celeb

A Penitent Poet.

For on a dismal night, in evil hour,
Two poet's scribbling under Freedom's bower,
Some misbegotton sples from Kendal Tower,
 Surprized the knaves,
And taking from them Magna Charta's power,
 They bound the slaves.

While Johnny Doe (a fogger of renown)
And Richard Roe, who writes abuses down,
Assisted by a constable in town,
 Sent Corpus Habeas,
To wait on venal servants of the crown,
 Nic-nam'd Fidelis.

Within whose court a legem magi hovers,
Who sets up indexes for crim. con. lovers,
And by black arts, lost maidenheads recovers,
 For carnal votaries,
Nay all the ambuscades of wit discovers,
 To prying notaries.

A Penitent Poet.

tad-poles, water newts, and toads, and leeches,
row fat on spawn of reptiles cast in ditches,
lawyers on the spawn of buckskin breeches,
Grow fat as conies,
r high-fed kitchen cats, or parlour bitches,
Pet lambs and ponies.

et poets must not say a word about it,
est they in stocks or pillories get hooted,
Or like Siberian slaves,* severely knouted
With pizzle-orums, [routed,
since those brave guards which fought for us are
By petty fogums.

* "Or like Siberian slaves," &c. The knout is
a punishment in Russia inflicted by flagillations;
and their whip is the generative organ of a bull.

A Penitent Poet.

No more shall poets tell old Wit's successors,
What privileges their great predecessors
Enjoy'd, while Freedom's sons were intercessors
In their defence;
To prove* Wit's children never were transgressors
Of consequence.

No more shall poets rank with men of letters,
Or crack their jokes with printers all in tatters,
Or break the triple-locks and bolts of debtors,
Shut in captivity,
Or ransoms pay, or knock off rusty fetters
From inactivity.

No more shall Satire's† bonnetted audacity,
Expose with Ciceronian loquacity

* "To prove," &c. See Caesar's opinion of Mark Anthony.

† "No more shall Satire's," &c. Whoever mixes satirical beverage for the sons and daughters of Bri-

A Penitent Poet.

The want of valour, honour, and veracity,
In field or forum,
Or hail the sons and daughters of atrocity,
Without decorum.

No more shall Freedom's counsellors assault us,
Or puzzle law, with Liberty's defaulters;
Or with dame Astrea's sabre cut the halters
Poor poets wear,
Since dull* time-serving knaves opinions alter
From year to year.

tannia, must take care to put neither salt, vinegar, or gall, into them, they being now considered as unconstitutional.

* "Since dull," &c. A few attempts were made by some of this complexion, but they are of so insipid and lukewarm a nature, that I spew them out of my mouth.

A Penitent Poet.

No more shall Freedom's learned antiquarians,
Dispute the tenets of tyrannic-arians,
Or swear they will not work like Gally-marians,
At oars and tackles,
Since Russians, Prussians, Germans, and Bavarians,
All wear the shackles.

The French who cried, "Vive la Liberte,"
Sung Carmingole,* and Hymn de Marselloi,
And danc'd cotillions of Egalite,
To music sweet,
Now drag the heavy chains of slavery
In every street.

* "Sung Carmangole," &c. These were national airs in very high repute at the beginning of the French revolution; but have seldom been sung since the restoration of tyranny.

A Drunkard rebuking his Landlord.

DO you not marvel, sirs, to see,

A landlord, or a landlady,

 Their customers abuse;

Or hear them impudently curse,

A man with guineas in his purse,

 Or liquor him refuse.

It makes me gape like a peak-noddy,

To see you start and twist your body,

 Expressive of disdain ;

Or like* an actor on the stage,

Blown up with anger, pride, and rage,

 Call yourself gentleman.

* "Or like," See the Poor Gentleman.

A Drunkard rebuking his Landlord.

Yet surely this cannot be true,
Such difference lies between us two,

And people call me gentle ;
But this word gentle is a sort
Of fustian some wear as a coat,
And others as a mantle.

These garbs will often hide defects,
And when brush'd clean, demand respects,
I seldom can deny ;
But when they are by passion torn,
Or by such blockheads badly worn,
They are hateful to the eye.

Oppos'd to devils so apparent,
Had human fear been made inherent,
It's probable I might,
With optics weak, and judgment drown'd,
Suppose myself on fairy ground,
With dæmons doom'd to fight.

Gravesend at Low Water.

THE ebb is done ;* list how yon bell's loud charm,

The ears of anxious passengers alarm ;

Now busy boat-men run from side to side,

“ Sir, madam, miss, do you go up this tide.

“ Here, master serjeant, let us put you off ;

“ We are first boat, (at this the others laugh)

“ We start directly, sir, we never wait ;

“ In three hours time you'll be at Billingsgate.”†

* At low water a bell is rung, to warn the passengers on board.

† Billingsgate is one station for the boats

Gravesend at Low Water.

" Hoot mon, awa, I dinna like your airs ;
" The boat I go in carries volunteers ;
" Tho' Billingsgate and fish wives may have charms,
" We soldiers quarter at the Dundee Arms."*
" I'm for the Blossom,† Jack," cried boozy Jane,
" She'll land us handy, lad, to Gravel Lane ;‡
" Her masters name (hiccup) is Hollingum,
" I loves a name—that sounds like gin and rum."
" Are you for London, ladies ?" Beechy|| cries.
" Yes, sir," a lovely widow quick replies.
" Give me those bundles.—Bless your pretty faces ;
" To me you seem like Venus and the Graces."
" La !" cries a miss, (with mincing and grimace)
" Let's in the Royal Charlottes take a place."

* Dundee Arms is one station for the boats.

† Blossom, the name of a boat.

‡ Gravel Lane, famous for idle women.

|| Beechy, an owner's name.

§ Royal Charlotte, the name of a boat.

Gravesend at Low Water.

Excuse me, mem," replied a charming belle,
I give a preference to the Peterell.*
Here Charron, (bawled a mad-cap patriot)
Row me on board the Sir Francis Burdett;†
A name that o'er the nation's freedom guards,
Deserves the nation's honours and rewards.
Ho! honest fellow," roar'd out butcher Slay,
Which is the Duke of Bedford,‡ tell me pray
That famous fellow for fat pigs and sheep;
The Duke of Bedford's company I'll keep."
D—n your fat pigs," bawl'd out a cripple brave;
Give me the name that will my country save;
The old King George|| for me, huzza, huzza!
Out with your oars, my hearts, and pull away."

* Petterell, the name of a boat.

† Sir Francis Burdett ditto.

‡ Duke of Bedford ditto.

|| The Old King George! ditto

Gravesend at Low Water.

" Bravo, old Tough," replied a British tar,*
Who lov'd his king, and fought for him in war ;
" The choice you make I very much approve ;
" It is a name that subjects ought to love ;
" But there's a word sounds sweeter in my ears,
" Than Braham's songs, or Catalina's airs,
" The grand palladium of our liberty,
" Born on the sea, and christen'd Victory.
" Britannia, tho' a vessel of renown,
" May be o'er-set in squalls, or get run down,
" The Old King George, by falling athwart-horn ;
" May spring a mast, or meet some heavy loss,
" While Royal Charlotte, old, and out of date,
" Like other noble names must yield to fate.
" E'en Bedford, Burdett, Spencer, ancient names,
" With many others which adorn the Thames,
" Shall in the eddies of posterity,
" Haul down their sails, and yield to Victory."

* The author of this work, Son of Commerce, &c.

CLOWN and CITIZEN,

A DIALOGUE.

CITIZEN.

WELL, honest friend, what think you of the times,
And those rich harvests reap'd in foreign climes ?
Fresh sheaves of conquest British heroes reckon,
The guns proclaim that Walcheren is taken.

CLOWN.

Aye, so I hear; yet nineteen out of twenty
Would rather hear them talk of peace and plenty ;
Few folks are pleas'd at foreign expeditions,
Who feel the pangs of raging requisitions ;
Nor will the news of victory give content
To honest labour, paying ten per cent ;
And as those honours British heroes gain,
(In Denmark, Holland, Portugal, and Spain)

Clown and Citizen.

Bring neither tar or tallow, hemp or flax,
Nor make the honey cheaper or the wax;
Poor people* call the cause an influenza,
That fills men's minds with folly or with phrenzy.

CITIZEN.

True, Clown; but those are noisy Jacobins,
Indulg'd when young, and now grown old in sins;
Dull rogues, who know no rules in calculation,
Save those laid down by teachers of taxation,
Blind to the vast advantages which states,
Reap from the fields of their confederates;
They cannot see the wond'rous benefits
Old England gains by paying others debts,
Nor hear those panegyric praises honour,
And princes out of place,† bestow upon her.

* "Poor people," &c. The country at large.

† "And princes out of place." The Stadtholder,
Louis XVIII. Ferdinand VIII. Prince Regent of
Portugal, &c.

Clown and Citizen.

What are a few cool millions* yearly sent
To pensioners upon the continent ?
Those sons of Mars who fight in our defence,
Should eat, and drink, and lodge at our expence.
It matters not an olive or a fig,
Whether a man's a tory or a whig,
Or Turk, or Spaniard, Portugueze, or Prussian,
A German, Dutchman, Dane, or Swede, or Russian ;
At Britain's banquet, every one shall feed,
At Britain's treasury every one be paid.

CLOWN.

Those pensioners you talk of, simple cit,
Have neither honour, valour, judgment, wit ;
They draw a continental lottery scheme,
And, like poor lunatics, of fortunes dream :

* "What are a few cool millions," &c. Subsidies sent to the continent.

Clown and Citizen.

First Russia, the chief blockhead on your list,
(Of such* as on the continent exist,)
Insures at one of Boney's little goes,
And robs his country to enrich his foes;
Then nods, and dreams, and starts, like guilty Dick,†
At shadows which his guilty conscience prick;
Aghast he stares, half stupid with surprise,
To see on his frontier new kingdoms rise;‡
No more the Tartar trembles at his nod,
The Pole no longer feels his iron rod;
They seize his palsied hands, he feels their force,
And bellows out—"My kingdom for a horse?"

* "Of such," &c. By this the reader will learn that many island blockheads existed, whose brains were colder than those of Russia.

† Richard the Third.

‡ Westphalia.

Clown and Citizen.

CITIZEN.

Ha! ha! what—what, hind, rustic, bumpkin, clod,
An' thou pratest thus, I'll have thee sent to quod,
Hang, hang, those pimping parsimonious fellows,*
Who can of such alliances grow jealous,
Who gorge on callipash and callipee,
Or fat calves heads upon a certain day,
And yet deny a biscuit or a crust
To those who the next hour may bite the dust:
Give me that honest patri-lanthrophist
Who neither locks his coffer or his chest,
But stooping to support his country's honour,
Finds one poor guinea in the farthest corner,
The last of many sav'd by early labour†
To aid his family, or assist his neighbour,

* Whig party.

† When times were better.

Clown and Citizen.

Yet when his craving country calls it back,
To stop a foreign shot-hole, reht, or crack,
Gives all he has her freedom to defend:
Nor sighs at parting with so dear a friend.

CLOWN,

If you be patriotic, so am I,
And patriots in Freedom's cause will die—
While Britain boasts a host of volunteers,
She has no need of hired pensioners;
Her sons were wont to bid the world defiance,
Till shackl'd by a continent alliance
Of traitors—who (when Boney beats the rout)
March like fat farmers troubled with a gout.
Proud Prussia, one of Britain's great allies,
In this state lottery might have gain'd a prize,*

* At the battle of Austerlitz he might have been
the mediator of Europe.

THE HEROAD.

Clown and Citizen.

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For while the scheme was drawing on Rhé,
His numbers rose ;*—but, ah ! the whole we
Awhile he stood and view'd his hireling host,
With name degraded, and with honour lost,
Till reading o'er the annals of his race,
Old Frederick's actions star'd him in the face,
Mad with despair he threw away the book,
And, whipp'd by envy, to his heels he took.
Like Xerxes† proudly led his bands
To barracks, camps, or castles built on sands,
There laid a flatt'ring unction to his soul,
And thought no power on earth could him controul,

* He deserted the allies in Germany, and after receiving many large sums from England, he sent receipts of Hanover for them upon French stamps, &c. &c.

† " Like Xerxes," &c. His vanity to fight France single-handed, in which attempt he lost half the realm.

Let on the opening of a short campaign,
We read the news that half his troops are slain,
Another mail arrives, and Britain's told,
That Prussia purchas'd peace with British gold.
Ascend, ye imps of hell, from Lethe bring
Cosmetics for the conscience of this king ;
Wash from his mind the pleasures of that hour,
When British Jove sent down the golden shower ;
Ten thousand evils pour on his weak head,
Bid plagues and pestilence his shores invade ;
Let royal maladies* his body taint,
And paralytics dislocate each joint ;
Let requisitions empty every chest,
And foreign forces all his towns invest.

* " Let royal maladies," &c. i. e. the hatred of kings.

THE HEROAD.

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Citizen and Citizen.

CITIZEN.

think, with you, the scheme of subsidizing,
s somewhat like Ahitophel's advising,
[et let us grant our hopes in Prussia lost,
in Russia all our expectations cross'd,
And that Britannia trembles as she reads,
The premiums lost insuring Danes and Swedes ;
[see with pleasure that she profits much
By sending men and money to the Dutch ;
At every happy meeting I discover
How much Helvetius is Britannia's lover ;
Where'er she turns, whatever way she roves,
Thro' fields of Juniper,* or orange groves,
Each sigh, each tear, each vow, each look, each action
Appears a tide, or current of affection,
That to admit her fleets and armies flows,
But freezes up her rivals to oppose.

* " Thro' fields of Juniper, &c. Commercial
and political pursuits.

Clown and Citizen.

CLOWN.

As some rich wards, young, fair, and innocent,
Are lov'd by letchers old and impotent,
Or Cyprian damsels, hunting after cullics,
Are oft betray'd by pimps, or bawds, or bullies,
So poor Britannia, seeking foreign lovers,
Meets fortune hunters, gamesters, rakes, or rovers,
Who in seductive habits act as spies,
Or damn'd assassins in a dark disguise;
Such garbs* were worn when York her train-bands
 led,
And Britain's hapless sons and daughters bled;
When such as in their route the army lost,
Thro' hunger, sickness, wounds, or snow, or frost,
From those Dutch traitors always met the fate
That flows from villainy and settled hate,

* "Such garbs," &c. See the Duke of York's
retreat through Holland.

Clown and Citizen

While Britain thought they furnish'd her supplies,
And gazetteer'd them friends and sound allies :
Here let me pause to drop a generous tear,
In pity of the thousands slaughter'd there,
Or join the train of moping melancholy,
And weep, like Niobe, at Britain's folly ;
Burst through the caves of sorrow with a sigh,
And draw the fountains of affliction dry,
As tributes due to British heroes slain,
Between the Helder Point and Walcheren.
Oh ! I could——

CITIZEN.

Hold, hold, no more of that,
Since sorrow seldom makes a man grow fat ;
Will you with sorrow sit while princes laugh,
Or sport with Venus, or with Bacchus quaff,

* " Or sport with Venus," &c. See the Court
Kalender for 1809.

THE HEROAD

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Clown and Citizen.

From this blest hour no more let us look sad,
Tho' children cry, or mothers run stark mad,
But rather imitate those citizens,
Who spend their wealth on pimps and courtezans.
Then welcome pleasure, welcome song and glee,
Beat drums, ring bells, it is a jubilee ;
Let variegated lamps illumine our halls,
Let us have civic routs and civic balls ;
Bid Signor Sound-post† his long bow unsheathe,
And Catalina lofty airs breathe,
While city dames with figurantees vie,
Expose their half-clad limbs, and caper high ;

* "Beat drums," &c. At the time this was written, many city knights and 'squires were drawing plans for the Jubilee, in honor of George the Third's 50th year's reign.

† "Bid Signor Sound-post," &c. In those days nobody could play, or sing, or dance, but such as were imported from Italy.

When gorg'd with wine, with turtle satiated,
By choice or chance we may be delegated
To carry up addresses from the city,
From loyal liverymen, and yeomen witty,
Or at some uproar read the riot act,
Call Bow-Street guards, and have the rebels twhack'd;
And being enter'd in that happy zone,
Where the refulgent Peter Pindar shone,
Revolve as satellites to those high spheres
Where some who enter peasants exit peers,
Where money-getting merchants bend the knee,
And rise up knights of every degree;*
While many princely babes and infant cits,
Suck milk of flattery from the paps† of wits.

* This title graces the bills of bankers, brewers, bakers, butchers, and shopkeepers, through the alphabet.

† The paps of wits are soft; spongy substances which grow in the breasts of some poets laureat.

GLOWN.

Live, sir, with those, perdition seize the thought !
I will not live where honours can be bought ;
It were as safe for satirists to dwell,
Where Acheron and black Cocytus swell,
As pass a lane, an alley, or a street,
Where those fierce rays of modern honor meet,
Where titles ride on every wind that blows,
Or swim up Thames with every tide that flows,
Where S, I, R, s, upon our senses pop,
In warehouse, brewhouse, bakehouse, bank, or shop,
In town-house, play-house, pulpit, pew, or porch,
Door, wall, or sign-post, waggon, cart, or coach,
While honour won in fields with carnage stinks,
The soldier's fame, the sailor's valour sinks,
And clowns are puzzled which to reverence most,
The knights of paper or the knights of post,
Unless our gracious sovereign so majestic,
Will henceforth call them lords and knights domestic.

A Miser's Soliloquy over his Gold.

THIS cavern echoes forth the lightest noise,
My fear or fancy hears a feeble voice!
Can Mammon's spirit tread this lonely cell?
Or misers' ghosts with hidden treasures dwell?
Hush, fancy, hush, my heart feels sore dismay,
Lest any earthly spy these bags survey.
Oh, sacred gold, how brilliantly you shine!
The power that made you, gave you power divine;
Whatever shape your varying form assumes,
Half-guineas, guineas, moidores, doubloons,
Nobles, or angels, lodging in my cot,
I'll entertain and guard, like pious Lot,

A Miser's Soliloquy over his Gold.

Nay, out-do Lot in hospitality,
And wife or daughters lose to succour thee.
Tho' noble Timon (wealthy by his birth)
Threw thee away, and stigmatiz'd thy worth ;
His foul reproaches left on thee no stains,
But prov'd that losing thee—he lost his brains.
The Athenian fool, by parasites made poor,
Despis'd a deity that I adore,
A deity whose attributes I prize,
Whose presence is an ointment for my eyes,
Whose seraphims and cherubims have such
A sacred sort of magic in their touch,
That nature's wants appear not wants to me,
Or wants of arts I neither hear nor see ;
Those moss-clad rocks, which canopy this cave,
Are all the ornaments I wish to have,
While those cascades sound sweeter in my ears
Than Braham's songs, or Catalina's airs ;
And since the gifts of Providence are good,
Herbs, roots, and berries must be wholesome food ;

A Mibe's Soliloquy over his Gold.

The crystal streams, from which mad drunkards
shrink,

To me yield nectar such as angels drink ;

Then let the epicures on dainties feast,

Let drunkards revel, and let spendthrifts waste,

Let Macaronis throw their wealth away

For silks or linens, dyed in colours gay,

While I put on a garb to keep out cold,

And honour it the more for being old,

Nay have it patch'd at elbow or at knee,

By Care (a taylor of antiquity)

While foolish fops on fashion's hobbies ride,

Array'd in all the blandishments of pride ;

My legs shall be content with wheel-spun hose,

My feet wear three-soled iron clouted shoes,

My body-shirts (which Falstaff dowlas calls,)

With woollen drawers, and leather over-alls ;

Thus cloath'd, with store of money in my purse,

Let beggar's hiss me—orphans, widows curse,

I will not court their popularity,

Or purchase blessings with a halfpenny,

A Miser's Soliloquy over his Gold.

But imitate him,* who like Middleton,†
Convey'd a stream of water to the town,
Whose unadulterated charity
Gave lasting blessings to posterity.

* The Spectator tells us of a miser who never gave any thing while living, yet at his death bequeathed a large fortune to erect a public fountain.

† Middleton, that good citizen who brought a river to London at his own expence.

An Underwriter's Soliloquy over a Policy.

THIS policy looks fair, yet the sly knave
All customary privileges crave ;
He wishes liberty to touch at Cork,
That he may load his ship with beef and pork ;
Well, be it so, our soldiers must be fed,
And sailors too, whilst they protect the trade.

Let's see, the premium is to be eleven,
With four return'd for convoy, that leaves seven,
To cover risks from storms and enemy,
The mate's neglect, or master's barratry :
These things premis'd, let me survey each line,
And weigh each risk 'ere I attempt to sign;

An Underwriter's soliloquy over a Policy.

“ Well victuall’d, tackl’d, and apparrell’d ;
Ah, rogue ! he knows his cordage is twice laid ;
And by our own surveyor’s late report,
The sails are old, and cables very short :
“ Well mann’d and arm’d,* with all things staunch
and tight ;”

If this be true, why then all things are right,
But this I know to be a wicked lie,
Some tars have lost a leg, and some an eye ;
Yet tho’ disabled in their outward parts,
Heads, arms, and ribs broke, they have solid hearts,
Hearts which in storms and battles still hold tight,
Hearts made of oak—and them I’ll underwrite.
Amongst Britannia’s crew a tar I know,
Who did us service several years ago ;†

* Terms in a policy.

† He saved the Acorn from Genoa to London in 1794, valued at £180,000.

An Underwriter's Soliloquy over a Policy.

him was sav'd at Lloyd's, if I be clear,
e thousand pounds a day for half the year,
rich he defended 'gainst a Gallic host,
l hack'd with swords, and much of blood he lost,
at honest tar still modestly complains,
cause we never thank'd him for his pains.

TOUGH AND TENDER,

AN AMOROUS DIALOGUE.

TOUGH.

DEAR maid, my hair grows white with years,
My eyes grow red with rheumy tears,
My nose assumes the orange dye,
My sun-burnt cheeks with lemons vie,
My lips are blue with Greenland's frost,
My breath the violet's scent has lost,
My teeth (with mercury and salt
Tobacco juice and juice of malt)
Are loose as stones which lack cement,
And look like coffee too-much burnt.
Such is the state of my poor head ;
Yet lower down I am not bad,
For by old Neptune's sacred beard,
The whole of me is not impair'd ;
My limbs are fleshy, straight, and strong,
And some of them are pretty long ;

Tough and Tender

But for my heart, believe me, Madam,
I know no more of it than Adam,
“ Since lovers’ hearts are not their own hearts,
“ Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards ;”
Yet if I be to judge from feeling,
At your dear shrine I would be kneeling,
My fervency and truth to prove,
Within the temple of your love.
I love you more than Jove lov’d Juno,
Mars Vulcan’s wife, or Neptune Ino ;
Or any famous hero past,
But cannot say how long ’twill last ;
Then since our lives are so uncertain,
Put out the light and draw the curtain.

TENDER.

When first I listen’d to your tale
I thought the subjects dry and stale,
And wonder’d how so odd a creature
In manner, action, form, and feature,

Tough and Tender.

Should dare to offer me his love,
Or swear by Neptune, Mars, and Jove;
But as the tale familiar grew,
Some fresher objects rose in view;
Methought your features seem'd more fair,
Your words seem'd sweeter in my ear,
Persuasion sate upon your tongue,
While it the sweet *de capo* sung,
And caus'd my virgin breast to pant
For the *je ne sçai quoi* of want.
Yet think not, sir, the race is run,
Or I like Atalanta won;
Those men who would fair maidens woo,
Must like the constant turtles coo,
Or watch like centinels on duty,
Or write soft sonnets on their beauty,
Or send them presents rich and rare,
By valour won, the spoils of war:
With modesty their favours seek,
And ne'er controul them when they speak,

Tough, and tender.

As boldness lovers' suits annoy,
For know, dear sir, we maids are coy ;
But as you tell me time is flying,
And hint at something about dying,
I am quite puzzled how to act
And my first purposes retract,
Resolving (if you think so fit)
Some ceremonies to remit,
And take for better and for worse,
Life's greatest blessing—or its curse.

TOUGH.

If I in rhetoric had skill,
And could frame language to my will,
Or like some modern heroes speak,
What protestations I might make,
Nay, swear aloud by ev'ry pow'r,
And break my oath within the hour,
But being trained from my youth,
To practice honesty and truth,

Tough and Tender.

Let simple honesty reveal
The truth of my unvarnish'd tale.
When I my fair one disobey,
The night will cease to follow day,
No more will ocean's pitcher flow,
Or Boreas tramontanoes* blow,
Or needles point towards the pole,
Or lightnings fly, or thunders roll,
Of commerce spread her lofty sail,
To deck the ship, and catch the gale.
No more shall boys for playthings whine,
Or lovers after lovers pine,
Or batchelors desire wives,
Or maids grow sick of single lives,
Or watchmen, wet and cold, desire
Dry raiment and a chearful fire,
Or people in captivity,
Again desire their liberty,

* *Tramontana*, a strong north-wind.

Tough and Tender.

Or kittens, kids, and lambkins play,
When I my darling disobey.

TENDER.

The poets lofty numbers seek,
The orators by logic speak,
While lovers contrive arguments,
Which alter virgins' sentiments;
Their tongues possess those chemic arts
Which analyse poor women's hearts,
But you possess the art alone,
Of analyzing hearts of stone.
At your first touch its surface felt,
Like ice that in the sun beams melt,
The second soften'd it like snow,
That down rough precipices flow;
And now it seems a printem rain,
That fertilizes hill and plain,
Or rather like those summer dews,
Which Sol for herbs and flowers brews,

Tough and tend-r

Whose swelling globules, as they trickle,
The plants most sensitive can tickle ;
Infusing balmy rich delights,
On concaves of their appetites ;
Thus lovers' touches renovate
Maids frozen hearts with nat'ral heat ;
The fervid ardor of their presence
Creates a sort of effervescence,
Like metals fusing by ignition,
I'm in a state of ebullition,
And my once frozen fluids boil
Like nitrous acids mixt with oil.
As aged sinners oft repent,
So maids at forty-five relent,
And pardons mercifully give
To condemn'd swains—who wish to live ;
Hence, sir, if you will voluntary
Attend at Hymen's ordinary ;
Your hunger shall with milk be fed,
And nakedness with raiment clad.

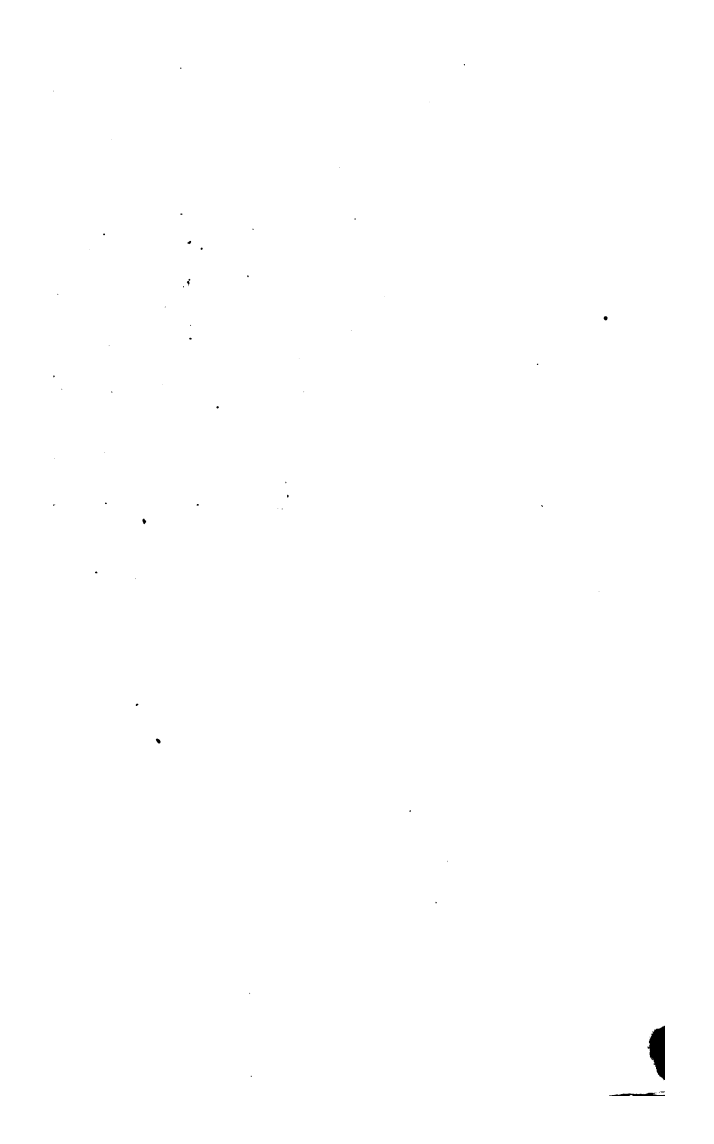
Tough and Tender.

TOUGH.

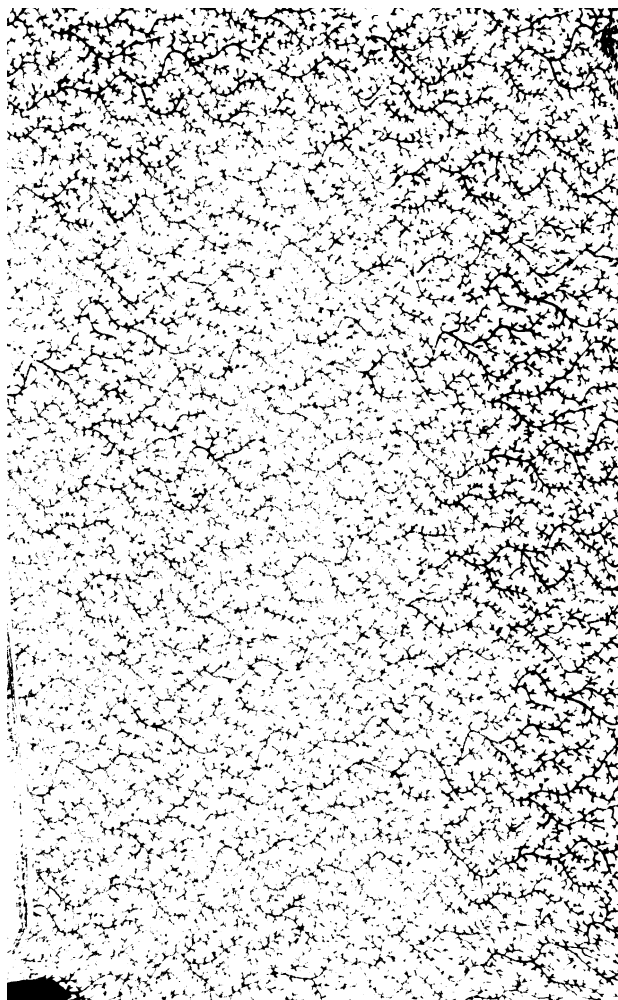
Was I a fawning flatterer,
Who whispers nonsense to the ear,
Or sly, deceitful, hypocrite,
Like some who deal in holy writ,
Or bold gallant, or masked rake,
Who cupid's lawful orders break ;
Love's quarter-day I might forget,
And sterling pay with counterfeit.
Methinks I could pull out an eye,
And bid the other not to cry,
Or, like great Cranmer, hold my hand,
To perish in a firebrand,
Or with apparent pleasure feel
The tortures of a racking wheel,
Or go a pilgrimage on peas,
To win your heart, or give it ease.
But would my fair impose a task
To prove my truth, first let her ask,

Tough and Tender.

Will fire warm, and water wet,
Or shadow on a substance wait,
Or mirrors images reflect,
Or memory a retrospect ;
Will suns and stars no longer shine,
Or youthful poets court the nine,
Or feather'd tribes on air ride,
Or finny through the waters glide,
Or quadrupeds delight to tread
The lofty mount or lowly mead ;
But I want language suitable
And numbers indisputable,
That would my gratitude express,
And plenitude of happiness ;
Bear witness then, both waves and wind,
When Tough to Tender proves unkind,
Let nature bow to heaven's will,
And Shakespeare's epitaph fulfill.









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